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PUBLISHERS' NOTICE

TO THE NEW EDITION OF SELECT POEMS.

THE present volume, carefully revised, having received the addition of several poems, and of two illustrative plates, the publishers hope will be thus rendered more acceptable to the public,—who have regarded its previous editions with favour, as evinced by the following opinions:

Extract from a Review in the "American Monthly Magazine," N. York.

"Mrs. Sigourney's poems are scarcely less peculiar for their straightforward common sense, their pure and unobtrusive religion, and their deep vein of natural tenderness, than for their correct versification, their harmony, and their true poetry. Very different as she is in her general style from the English Sappho, for so, not absurdly, has Mrs. Hemans been styled, we conceive that there is still something kindred in their spirits. Mrs. Hemans is the high-souled and delicately proud poetess of an old dominion;—her lays are full of the noble chivalry of a state whose associations are of aristocracy; she is the asserter of hereditary nobility,—the nobility of thought, of action, and of soul,—no less than of broad lands and ancient titles; yet withal she has a thousand sweet and simple songs of the cottage and the lowly hearth. Mrs. Sigourney is the Hemans of a republic; and if she rather delights to dwell in the hamlet, to muse over the birth of the rustic infant, or the death of the village mother, it is, that such is the genius of her country,—the boasted associations of her land, are simplicity and freedom;—and as befit the muse of such a land, so are her meditations fain to celebrate the virtues of her country's children."

From the "American Traveller," Boston.

"No poetess in our country has taken a purer flight through the realms of imagination than Mrs. Sigourney. There is a chaste dignity, a clear sweetness, a devotional delicacy, pervading all her effusions. She instructs while she delights, and elevates while she refines. Every page breathes the life of poetry, and the purity of religion. She pleases the aged and delights the young. The mourner may gather consolation from her musings, the thoughtless find themes for reflection, and the inexperienced may yield their imaginations and their hearts to her guidance, without fear of being betrayed into folly, or misled into error."

Extract from the "New-Hampshire Patriot."

"We are pleased with the liberal spirit of devotion which is scattered through every part of this volume. Whatever we meet with at the hand of *man*, we are delighted to see the brows of *woman* adorned with the blossoms of piety. The voice that sows the germs of thought in our minds, should be chastened by the holy influences of religion. The mild, peaceful doctrines of Jesus, should be implanted, before the wild passions of youth grow up. Hence, these poems are fitted for the nursery, as well as the parlour. We hope every woman will peruse them over and over, until she shall imbibe a measure of that spirit which gave them utterance."

From the "Saturday Courier," Philadelphia.

Not "Orient pearls at random strung,"
But Western gems in casket set;
Words that by seraphs might be sung,
And flow'rs by Heaven's own dew drops wet.

"There should be a double pride connected with this beautiful work—a pride in the distinguished authoress, that her fellow countrymen have called for a *fourth* edition of her lovely gems—and a pride in those countrymen that one of America's daughters possesses the soul and the genius to write them. One word in commendation of Mrs. Sigourney's poems, would be considered unnecessary, as many of them are as familiar as household words. But the very elegant manner in which the publisher has got up the book, calls for special praise. In binding, ornamenting, and plates, it has every appearance of a four or six dollar annual, while in the perennial and sterling character of its letter press, it is worth half a score of them, and costs but about one-third, we believe, of one of them."

From the "Presbyterian," Philadelphia.

"From the many specimens of this lady's poetry, with which we have graced our columns, our readers will before this have concluded that she is with us an especial favourite. And in truth she is. Her pure taste, delicate imagination, piety, and what, in our opinion, is an indispensable attribute of a true poet, her good sense, have won our esteem. This volume contains many beautiful gems, and moreover, they are presented in a very pretty casket."

From the "United States Gazette," Philadelphia.

"The writings of Mrs. Sigourney are familiar to almost every American reader, and the general expression of praise which has been so liberally bestowed by the critic, the savant, and the mere general reader, is such as to warrant us in saying that she possesses more than ordinary merit, and indeed superior excellence characterizes the emanations from her pen. The volume which has just been published by Mr. Biddle, should be in the possession of every female reader in the country—its perusal cannot but excite the purest emotions, and produce the happiest impressions.

"It contains poetry of a pure and elevated order, such as cannot but be read with admiration. No one possessing the ordinary attributes of humanity, or whose feelings are in accordance with a healthy sensibility, can peruse these poems without being forcibly struck with their excellence, and reminded of every thought, sensibility and feeling of the soul, of bygone days, of youthful aspirations, and all those varied impulses of the heart, which at the time were sources of joy or grief, and in their reminiscence bring to the fountain of the soul, sensations, which if even they are of a saddening nature, are 'pleasant to the soul.'"

From the "Scioto Gazette," Chillicothe, Ohio.

"No American lady has written so much, or so well, as the authoress of the beautiful book now before us. None has exercised a better influence upon the minds of her readers. In social life, gentle, courteous, unassuming; warm in her friendships, and wise in her benevolent and well-directed sympathies, as a writer she is all the same. Her works are healthful in their character: and if unmarked by any of those startling flights which seem scarcely consistent with a well-balanced intellect, are yet well sustained and imbued with a pure and a truthful spirit. That several editions of Mrs. Sigourney's "Select Poems" should have been so rapidly demanded, is a gratifying indication of the soundness of the literary tastes of our country. We hope soon to see a complete edition of her prose and poetical works. It would form an indispensable addition to every well-selected American library."

SUNDAY MORNING.

SELECT POEMS.

BY

MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

ELEVENTH EDITION, REVISED AND CORRECTED.

PHILADELPHIA:
PARRY & McMILLAN,
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1854.

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Miss Edgeworth's Remarks on Mrs. Sigourney's Select Poems.

The Publisher of "The Select Poems" has been permitted to make use of the following extracts of a communication from the late lamented Maria Edgeworth, a name which, on both sides of the Atlantic, claims respect. She has expressed high approbation of the poems of Mrs. Sigourney in general, and from the volume thus designated, selects some of her favourites.

"Connecticut River, *page* 16, is fine poetry, and contains sentiments worthy of 'Gray's Country Church-yard,' without any thing like close imitation, and with touches and thoughts peculiar to America. From the 68th line to the close, it is strongly marked. Especially the lines,

> 'Lo! here they rest, who every danger braved,
> Unmark'd, untrophied, 'mid the soil they saved,'

would serve as a fine epitaph or inscription for any burial-place of New Englanders.

"The Lost Darling, *page* 150, is very touching and natural; and the 'Lines to the Memory of a Young Lady,' page 155, are very beautiful. In the poem entitled 'Benevolence,' page 181, the passage beginning

> 'Point out to me the forms
> That in your treasure-chambers shall enact
> Glad mastership,—and revel where you toil'd
> Sleepless, and stern.'

is worthy of Shakspeare, and might be read to the best judges as Shakspeare's own.

"Indian Names, *page* 238, is very poetical. In some shape or other, the Indians ought to send tokens of their gratitude to Mrs. Sigourney. They surely would, could all she has written of them, in eloquent strains, be interpreted to their feeling hearts.

"The Mohegan Church, *page* 323, is particularly admirable, both as poetry, and for the spirit in which it is written. Being recently asked for my autograph, I was glad to copy its nine concluding lines, and sign my name, as a testimony of admiration.

"The School-mistress, *page* 329. I should like to see the picture to which it is stated that these lines were adapted. It must have had great merit as a painting, to have called forth such sympathy from the sister art.

"Parting of a Mother with her Child, *page* 332. The child's not knowing the mother is a new circumstance well touched, and truly pathetic.

"Another remark has occurred to me, in reading these poems, that Mrs. Sigourney appears to have the power of writing *extempore*, on passing subjects, and at the moment they are called for. But few persons of genius, particularly of poetic genius, have ever possessed this power. She must have great command over her own mind, and what a celebrated physician used to call *voluntary attention*, in which most people are lamentably deficient, so that they can never write any thing well, when called upon for it, or when the subject is suggested, and the effect bespoken. These powers are twice valuable, that can well accomplish their purpose, on demand. Certainly, as it regards poetic gifts, those who give promptly, give twice.

"How few, even of professed and eminent poets have been able to produce any effusion worthy of their reputation, or even worth reading, on what the French call *des sujets de command;* and what we English describe as *on the spur of the moment.* Addison could not. Gray could not. Many more might be named, who could not. Mrs. Sigourney's friends will doubtless be ready to bear testimony that she can."

PREFACE.

Some of the poems in this volume were written at an early age; others, amid domestic or maternal cares. The greater part were suggested by passing occasions, and partake of the nature of extemporaneous productions; all reveal by their brevity, the short periods of time allotted to their construction.

Like wild flowers among the dells, or clefts of the rock, they sprang up wherever the path of life chanced to lead. She who gathered, and now offers them to the beloved clime of her birth, selects for their motto the truthful words of an eloquent writer:—

"Though I expect from them neither profit nor general fame, I consider myself amply repaid without either. Poetry has been to me, its own exceeding great reward. It possesses power to soothe affliction, to multiply and refine enjoyment, to endear solitude, and to give the habit of discovering the good and the beautiful, in all that meets or surrounds us."

Hartford, Conn., Feb. 5th, 1845.

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SELECT POEMS.

THE BIRD.

Beautiful boy, with the sunny hair,
What wouldest thou do with that birdling rare?
It belongs to the sky,—it hath wings, you know,
Loosen your clasping, and let him go :—
But the child replied with a laugh of glee,
"It can learn to play,—it must stay with me!"

Then out spoke the sister with lute-like tone,
"In spring, when the ice from the brooks had gone,
The new-born leaves in the grove were stirred
By the sweetest music I every heard.
Brother mine,—'twas the song of the free,—
Will the song of thy captive as tuneful be?"

Gentle Mother, whose yearning breast
Exults o'er the birds of thine own fair nest,
Methinks I see, through thy smile of care,
The quickened soul of a voiceless prayer.
Give it breath,—give it flight, to the Gracious Ear,—
A mother's joy hath its root in fear.

Her fondest love hath a tinge of grief,—
Her proudest hopes are an aspen leaf;—

Turn to the Ark that outrides the gale,
Seek for the strength that can never fail,
That thy birds may on starry pinions soar
Among the trees that shall fade no more.

SABBATH MORNING.

How beautiful the Sunday morn, amid
The quietude of nature. Spreading trees,
And the simplicity of rural life
Best harmonize with its divine intent;
And more than pompous cities, or the throngs
That flow unceasing thro' their crowded streets,
Welcome its silent spirit. Here, and there,
A rustic household, toward the village church
Wind through green lanes, where still the dewy grass
Reserves its diamonds for them. Happy sire,
And peaceful grandsire, with his hoary hair,
And joyous children, their fresh, ruddy brows
Compos'd to serious thought, and even the babe
In its young innocence, a wondering guest,
Wend forth, in blessed company, to pay
Their vows to Him, who heeds the pure in heart.

Heaven whispereth earth. And lo! an answering sigh
Speeds from the winds, as they unfold their wings
Impalpable, and touch the dimpling streams,

And wave the plants, while from the leafy groves
Steals deeper melody. Methinks, the sea
Murmureth in tone subdued, as if its waves
Paus'd in their tyrant play, or cowering heard
That warning voice, which to the banish'd man
In rocky Patmos, taught unuttered things,
And in the spirit-trance of scenes sublime,
Bore all of self away.

Hail, hallow'd morn!
That binds a yoke on Vice. Drooping her head,
She by such quaint hypocrisy, doth show
How excellent is Virtue. Eve may light
Her orgies up again, but at this hour,
She trembleth, and is still. Humility
From the cleft rock where she hath hid, doth mark
The girded majesty of God pass by,
And kneeling, wins a blessing. Grief foregoes
Her bitterness, and round the tear-wet urn
Twines simple flowers, still musing on His words
Who on this day despoil'd the conquering grave,
"Thy dead shall rise again."

But best, firm Faith
Enjoys the Sabbath. She doth lift her brow
And talk with angels, till the listening soul
That by the thraldom of the week was bow'd
To weariness, doth like the enfranchis'd slave
Leap up, to put its glorious garments on.

CONNECTICUT RIVER.

Fair River! not unknown to classic song;—
Which still in varying beauty roll'st along,
Where first thy infant fount is faintly seen,
A line of silver 'mid a fringe of green;
Or where, near towering rocks thy bolder tide,
To win the giant-guarded pass, doth glide;
Or where in azure mantle pure and free
Thou giv'st thy cool hand to the waiting sea.

Though broader streams our sister realms may boast,
Herculean cities, and a prouder coast,
Yet from the bound where hoarse St. Lawrence roars,
To where La Plata rocks resounding shores,
From where the arms of slimy Nilus shine,
To the blue waters of the rushing Rhine,
Or where Ilissus glows like diamond spark,
Or sacred Ganges whelms her votaries dark,
No brighter skies the eye of day may see,
Nor soil more verdant, nor a race more free.

See! where amid their cultured vales they stand,
The generous offspring of a simple land;
Too rough for flattery, and all fear above,
King, priest, and prophet 'mid the homes they love—
On equal laws their anchored hopes are stayed,
By all interpreted, and all obeyed;
Alike the despot and the slave they hate,
And rise, firm columns of a happy state.
To them content is bliss—and labour health,
And knowledge power, and pure religion, wealth.

The farmer, here, with honest pleasure sees
His orchards blushing to the fervid breeze,
His bleating flocks, the shearer's care that need,
His waving woods, the wintry hearth that feed,
His hardy steers that break the yielding soil,
His patient sons, who aid their father's toil,
The ripening fields, for joyous harvest drest,
And the white spire, that points a world of rest.

His thrifty mate, solicitous to bear
An equal burden in the yoke of care,
With vigorous arm the flying shuttle heaves,
Or from the press the golden cheese receives:
Her pastime when the daily task is o'er,
With apron clean, to seek her neighbour's door,
Partake the friendly feast, with social glow,
Exchange the news, and make the stocking grow;

Then hale and cheerful to her home repair,
When Sol's slant ray renews her evening care,
Press the full udder for her children's meal,
Rock the tir'd babe—or wake the tuneful wheel.

See, toward yon dome where village science dwells,
When the church-clock its warning summons swells,
What tiny feet the well-known path explore,
And gaily gather from each rustic door.
The new-weaned child with murmuring tone proceeds,
Whom her scarce taller baby-brother leads,
Transferred as burdens, that the housewife's care
May tend the dairy, or the fleece prepare.
Light-hearted group!—who carol wild and high,
The daisy cull, or chase the butterfly,
Or by some traveller's wheel aroused from play,
The stiff salute, with deep demureness pay,
Bare the curled brow, and stretch the sunburnt hand,
The home-taught homage of an artless land.
The stranger marks, amid their joyous line,
The little baskets whence they hope to dine,
And larger books, as if their dexterous art,
Dealt most nutrition to the noblest part:—
Long may it be, ere luxury teach the shame
To starve the mind, and bloat the unwieldy frame.

Scorn not this lowly race, ye sons of pride,
Their joys disparage, nor their hopes deride;

From germs like these have mighty statesmen sprung,
Of prudent counsel, and persuasive tongue;
Unblenching souls, who ruled the willing throng,
Their well-braced nerves by early labour strong;
Inventive minds, a nation's wealth that wrought,
And white-haired sages, sold to studious thought;
Chiefs, whose bold step the field of battle trod;
And holy men, who fed the flock of God.

Here, 'mid the graves by time so sacred made,
The poor, lost Indian slumbers in the shade;—
He, whose canoe with arrowy swiftness clave,
In ancient days yon pure, cerulean wave;
Son of that Spirit, whom in storms he traced,
Through darkness followed—and in death embraced,
He sleeps an outlaw, 'mid his forfeit land,
And grasps the arrow in his mouldered hand.

Here, too, our patriot sires with honour rest,
In Freedom's cause who bared the valiant breast;—
Sprang from their half-drawn furrow, as the cry
Of threatened Liberty went thrilling by,
Looked to their God—and reared, in bulwark round,
Breasts free from guile, and hands with toil embrowned,
And bade a monarch's thousand banners yield—
Firm at the plough, and glorious in the field:
Lo! here they rest who every danger braved,
Unmarked, untrophied, 'mid the soil they saved.

Round scenes like these doth warm remembrance glide,
Where emigration rolls its ceaseless tide
On western wilds, which thronging hordes explore,
Or ruder Erie's serpent-haunted shore,
Or far Huron, by unshorn forests crowned,
Or red Missouri's unfrequented bound,
The exiled man, when midnight shades invade,
Couched in his hut, or camping on the glade,
Starts from his dream, to catch, in echoes clear,
The boatman's song that charmed his boyish ear;
While the sad mother, 'mid her children's mirth
Paints with fond tears a parent's distant hearth,
Or cheats her rustic babes with tender tales
Of thee, blest River! and thy velvet vales,
Her native cot, where luscious berries swell,
The village school, and Sabbath's tuneful bell,
And smiles to see the infant soul expand
With proud devotion for that father-land.

THE STARS.

Make friendship with the stars.
Go forth at night,
And talk with Aldebaran, where he flames
In the cold forehead of the wintry sky.
Turn to the sister Pleiades, and ask
If there be death in Heaven? A blight to fall
Upon the brightness of unfrosted hair?
A severing of fond hearts? A place of graves?
Our sympathies are with you, stricken stars,
Clustering so closely round the lost one's place.
Too well we know the hopeless toil to hide
The chasm in love's fond circle. The lone seat
Where the meek grandsire, with his silver locks,
Reclined so happily; the fireside chair
Whence the fond mother fled; the cradle turn'd
Against the wall, and empty; well we know
The untold anguish, when some dear one falls.
How oft the life-blood trickling from our hearts.
Reveals a kindred spirit torn away!
Tears are our birth-right, gentle sister train,

And more we love you, if like us ye mourn.
—Ho! bold Orion, with thy lion-shield;
What tidings from the chase? what monster slain?
Runn'st thou a tilt with Taurus? or dost rear
Thy weapon for more stately tournament?
'Twere better, sure, to be a son of peace
Among those quiet stars, than raise the rout
Of rebel tumult, and of wild affray,
Or feel ambition with its scorpion sting
Transfix thy heel, and like Napoleon fall.
Fair queen, Cassiopeia! is thy court
Well peopled with chivalric hearts, that pay
Due homage to thy beauty? Thy levee,
Is it still throng'd as in thy palmy youth?
Is there no change of dynasty? No dread
Of revolution 'mid the titled peers
That age on age have served thee? Teach us how
To make our sway perennial, in the hearts
Of those who love us, so that when our bloom
And spring-tide wither, they in phalanx firm
May gird us round, and make life's evening bright.
—But thou, O Sentinel, with sleepless eye,
Guarding the northern battlement of heaven,
For whom the seven pure spirits nightly burn
Their torches, marking out, with glittering spire,
Both hours and seasons on thy dial-plate,
How turns the storm-tost mariner to thee!
The poor lost Indian, having nothing left

In his own ancient realm, not even the bones
Of his dead fathers, lifts his brow to thee,
And glads his broken spirit with thy beam.
The weary caravan, with chiming bells,
Making strange music 'mid the desert sands,
Guides, by thy pillar'd fires, its nightly march.
Reprov'st thou not our faith so oft untrue
To its Great Pole Star, when some surging wave
Foams o'er our feet, or thorns beset our way?
—Speak out the wisdom of thy hoary years,
Arcturus! Patriarch! Mentor of the train,
That gather radiance from thy golden urn.
We are of yesterday, short-sighted sons
Of this dim orb, and all our proudest lore
Is but the alphabet of ignorance:
Yet ere we trace its little round, we die.
Give us thy counsel, ere we pass away.
—Lyra, sweet Lyra, sweeping on with song,
While glorious Summer decks the listening flowers,
Teach us thy melodies; for sinful cares
Make discord in our hearts. Hast thou the ear
Of the fair planets that encircle thee,
As children round the hearth-stone? Canst thou quell
Their woes with music? or their infant eyes
Lull to soft sleep? Do thy young daughters join
Thy evening song? Or does thine Orphean art
Touch the warm pulses of the neighbor stars
And constellations, till they higher lift

The pilgrim-staff to run their glorious way?
—Hail, mighty Sirius! monarch of the suns,
Whose golden sceptre subject worlds obey;
May we, in this poor planet speak to thee?
Thou highest dweller, 'mid the highest heaven,
Say, art thou nearer to His Throne, whose nod
Doth govern all things?
Hearest thou the strong wing
Of the Archangel, as it broadly sweeps
The empyrean, to the farthest orb,
Bearing Heaven's watch-word? Knowest thou what report
The red-hair'd Comet, on his car of flame,
Brings the recording seraph? Hast thou heard
One whisper through the open gate of Heaven
When the pale stars shall fall, and yon blue vault
Be as a shrivell'd scroll?
Thou answer'st not!
Why question we with thee, Eternal Fire?
We, frail, and blind, to whom our own dark moon,
With its few phases, is a mystery!
Back to the dust, most arrogant! Be still!
Deep silence is thy wisdom! Ask no more!
But let thy life be one long sigh of prayer,
One hymn of praise, till from the broken clay,
At its last gasp, the unquench'd spirit rise,
And, unforgotten, 'mid unnumber'd worlds,
Ascend to Him, from whom its essence came.

TO AN ABSENT DAUGHTER.

Where art thou, bird of song?
Brightest one and dearest?
Other groves among,
Other nests thou cheerest;
Sweet thy warbling skill
To each ear that heard thee,
But 'twas sweetest still
To the heart that rear'd thee.

Lamb, where dost thou rest?
On stranger-bosoms lying?
Flowers, thy path that drest,
All uncropp'd are dying;
Streams where thou didst roam
Murmur on without thee,
Lov'st thou still thy home?
Can thy mother doubt thee?

Seek thy Saviour's flock,
To his blest fold going,

Seek that smitten rock
Whence our peace is flowing;
Still should Love rejoice,
Whatsoe'er betide thee,
If that Shepherd's voice
Evermore might guide thee.

THE CHEERFUL GIVER.

"God loveth a cheerful giver."

"What shall I render Thee, Father Supreme,
For thy rich gifts, and this the best of all?"
Said a young mother, as she fondly watch'd
Her sleeping babe.
There was an answering voice,
That night, in dreams.
"Thou hast a tender flower
Wrapt in thy breast, and fed with dews of love.
Give me that flower. Such flowers there are in heaven."

—But there was silence. Yea, a hush so deep,
Breathless and terror-stricken, that the lip
Blanch'd in its trance.
"Thou hast a little harp,
How sweetly would it swell the angel's song.
Lend me that harp."
Then burst a shuddering sob,
As if the bosom by some hidden sword
Was cleft in twain

Morn came. A blight had found
The crimson velvet of the unfolding bud,
The harp-strings rang a thrilling strain and broke,
And that young mother lay upon the earth
In childless agony.

Again the voice
That stirr'd her vision.

"He, who asked of thee,
Loveth a *cheerful* giver."

So she rais'd
Her gushing eye, and ere the tear-drop dried
Upon its fringes, smiled.

Doubt not that smile,
Like Abraham's faith, was counted righteousness.

WILD FLOWERS GATHERED FOR A SICK FRIEND.

Rise from the dells were ye first were born,
From the tangled beds of the weed and thorn,
Rise, for the dews of the morn are bright,
And haste away, with your eyes of light.

—Should the green-house patricians, with withering frown
On your simple vestments look haughtily down,
Shrink not, for His finger your heads hath bow'd
Who heeds the lowly, and humbles the proud.

—The tardy spring, and the chilling sky,
Hath meted your robes with a miser's eye,
And check'd the blush of your blossoms free;
With a gentler friend your home shall be;
To a kinder ear you may tell your tale
Of the zephyr's kiss, and the scented vale:
Ye are charm'd! ye are charm'd! and your fragrant sigh
Is health to the bosom on which ye die.

DEATH OF AN INFANT.*

Death found strange beauty on that polish'd brow,
And dash'd it out. There was a tint of rose
On cheek and lip. He touched the veins with ice,
And the rose faded.

Forth from those blue eyes
There spake a wishful tenderness, a doubt
Whether to grieve or sleep, which innocence
Alone may wear. With ruthless haste he bound
The silken fringes of those curtaining lids
For ever.

There had been a murmuring sound,
With which the babe would claim its mother's ear,
Charming her even to tears. The spoiler set
The seal of silence.

* This little poem has been inserted by mistake, in one of the American editions of the late Mrs. Hemans. Though this is accounted by the real author, as an honor, it is still proper to state, that it was originally composed at Hartford, in the winter of 1824, and comprised in a volume of poems, published in Boston, by S. G. Goodrich, Esq., in 1827. Should other testimony be necessary, it may be mentioned that a letter from Mrs. Hemans, to a friend in this country, pointing out some poems in that volume which pleased her, designated, among others, this "Death of an Infant."

But there beam'd a smile,
So fix'd, so holy, from that cherub brow,
Death gazed, and left it there. He dar'd not steal
The signet-ring of Heaven.

"PERDIDI DIEM."

The Emperor Titus, at the close of a day in which he had neither gained knowledge nor conferred benefit, was accustomed to exclaim, "Perdidi diem," "*I have lost a day.*"

WHY art thou sad, thou of the sceptred hand?
The rob'd in purple, and the high in state?
Rome pours her myriads forth, a vassal band,
And foreign powers are crouching at thy gate;
Yet dost thou deeply sigh, as if oppress'd by fate.

"Perdidi diem!"—Pour the empire's treasure,
Uncounted gold, and gems of rainbow dye;
Unlock the fountains of a monarch's pleasure
To lure the lost one back. I heard a sigh,—
One hour of parted time, a world is poor to buy.

"Perdidi diem."—'Tis a mournful story,
Thus in the ear of pensive eve to tell,
Of morning's firm resolves, the vanish'd glory,

Hope's honey left within the withering bell,
And plants of mercy dead, that might have bloom'd so well.

Hail, self-communing Emperor, nobly wise!
There are, who thoughtless haste to life's last goal,
There are, who time's long squandered wealth despise;
Perdidi vitam marks their finished scroll,
When Death's dark angel comes to claim the startled soul.

TO THE CACTUS SPECIOSISSIMUS.

Who hung thy beauty on such rugged stalk,
Thou glorious flower?
Who pour'd the richest hues,
In varying radiance, o'er thine ample brow,
And like a mesh those tissued stamens laid
Upon thy crimson lip?—
Thou glorious flower!
Methinks it were no sin to worship thee,
Such passport hast thou from thy Maker's hand,
To thrill the soul. Lone on thy leafless stem,
Thou bidd'st the queenly rose with all her buds
Do homage, and the green-house peerage bow
Their rainbow coronets.
Hast thou no thought?
No intellectual life? thou who can'st wake
Man's heart to such communings? no sweet word
With which to answer him? 'Twould almost seem
That so much beauty needs must have a soul,
And that such form, as tints the gazer's dream,
Held higher spirit than the common clod
On which we tread.

Yet while we muse, a blight
Steals o'er thee, and thy shrinking bosom shows
The mournful symptoms of a wan disease.
I will not stay to see thy beauties fade.
—Still must I bear away within my heart
Thy lesson of our own mortality,
The fearful withering of each blossom'd bough
On which we lean, of every bud we fain
Would hide within our bosoms from the touch
Of the destroyer.
So instruct us, Lord!
Thou Father of the sunbeam and the soul,
Even by the simple sermon of a flower,
To cling to Thee.

ANNA BOLEYN

On seeing the axe with which Anna Boleyn was beheaded, still preserved in the Tower of London.

Stern minister of fate severe,
Who, drunk with beauty's blood,
Defying time, dost linger here,
And frown with ruffian visage drear,
Like beacon on destruction's flood,—
Say!—when ambition's giddy dream
First lured thy victim's heart aside,
Why, like a serpent, didst thou hide,
'Mid clustering flowers, and robes of pride,
Thy warning gleam?
Hadst thou but once arisen in vision dread,
From glory's fearful cliff her startled step had fled.

Ah! little she reck'd, when St. Edward's crown
So heavily press'd her tresses fair,
That, with sleepless wrath, its thorns of care
Would rankle within her couch of down!

To the tyrant's bower,
In her beauty's power,
She came as a lamb to the lion's lair,
As the light bird cleaves the fields of air,
And carols blithe and sweet, while Treachery weaves its snare.

Think!—what were her pangs as she traced her fate
On that changeful monarch's brow of hate?
What were the thoughts which, at midnight hour,
Throng'd o'er her soul, in yon dungeon tower?
Regret, with pencil keen,
Retouch'd the deep'ning scene:
Gay France, which bade with sunny skies
Her careless childhood's pleasures rise;
Earl Percy's love, his youthful grace,
Her gallant brother's fond embrace;
Her stately father's feudal halls,
Where proud heraldic annals deck'd the ancient walls.

Wrapt in the scaffold's gloom,
Brief tenant of that living tomb
She stands!—the life-blood chills her heart,
And her tender glance from earth does part;
But her infant daughter's image fair
In the smile of innocence is there,
It clings to her soul 'mid its last despair;

And the desolate queen is doom'd to know
How far a mother's grief transcends a martyr's woe.

Say! did prophetic light
Illume her darkening sight,
Painting the future island-queen,
Like the fabled bird, all hearts surprising,
Bright from blood-stained ashes rising,
Wise, energetic, bold, serene?
Ah no! the scroll of time
Is sealed;—and hope sublime
Rests, but on those far heights, which mortals may not climb.

The dying prayer, with trembling fervour, speeds
For that false monarch by whose will she bleeds;
For him, who, listening on that fatal morn,
Hears her death signal o'er the distant lawn
From the deep cannon speaking,
Then springs to mirth and winds his bugle horn,
And riots while her blood is reeking;—
For him she prays, in seraph tone,
"Oh!—be his sins forgiven!
Who raised me to an earthly throne,
And sends me now, from prison lone,
To be a saint in heaven."

EVENING AT HOME.

WRITTEN IN EARLY YOUTH.

Loud roars the hoarse storm from the angry north,
As if the wintry spirit, loth to leave
His wonted haunts, came rudely rushing back,
Fast by the steps of the defenceless Spring,
To hurl his frost-spear at her shrinking flowers.

Yet while the tempest o'er the charms of May
Sweeps dominant, and with discordant tone
The wild blast rules without, peace smiles within;
The fire burns cheerful, and the taper clear
Alternate aids the needle, or illumes
The page sublime, inciting the rapt soul
To soar above the warring elements.
My gentle kitten at my footstool sings
Her song monotonous, and, full of joy,
Close by my side my tender mother sits,
Industriously bent—her brow still bright
With beams of lingering youth, while he, the sire,
The faithful guide, indulgently doth smile

At our discourse, or wake the tuneful hymn
Which best he loves.

Fountain of life and light!—
Father Supreme! from whom our joys descend,
As streams flow from their source, and unto whom
All good on earth shall finally return
As to a natural centre, praise is due
To Thee from all thy works; nor least from me,
Though, in thy scale of being, light and low.

From thee is shed whate'er of joy or peace
Doth sparkle in my cup—health, hope and bliss,
And pure parental love, beneath whose smile
My grateful heart forgets the lonely void
Of brother, and of sister, oft bewail'd.

Therefore, to Thee be all the honor given,
Whether young morning, with her vestal lamp,
Warn from my couch; or sober twilight gray
Lead on the willing night; or summer sky
Spread its smooth azure; or contending storms
Muster their wrath; or whether in the shade
Of much loved solitude, deep wove and close,
I rest; or gaily share the social scene;
Or wander wide to twine with stranger-hearts
New sympathies; or wheresoever else
Thy hand may place me, let my steadfast eye

Behold Thee, and my soul attune thy praise.
To Thee alone, in humble trust I come
For strength and wisdom. Leaning on thine arm
Fain would I pass this intermediate state,
This vale of discipline; and when its mists
Shall fleet away, I trust thou wilt not leave
My soul in darkness, for thy word is truth;
Nor are thy thoughts like the vain thoughts of man,
Nor thy ways like his ways.

Therefore I rest
In hope, and sing thy praise, Father Supreme!

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Group after group are gathering, such as prest
Once to their Saviour's arms, and gently laid
Their cherub heads upon his shielding breast,
Though sterner souls the fond approach forbade·
Group after group glide on with noiseless tread
And round Jehovah's sacred altar meet,
Where holy thoughts in infant hearts are bred,
And holy words their ruby lips repeat,
Oft with a chasten'd glance, in modulation sweet.

Yet some there are, upon whose childish brows
Wan poverty hath done the work of care;
Look up, ye sad ones!—'tis your Father's house,
Beneath whose consecrated dome you are;
More gorgeous robes ye see, and trappings rare,
And watch the gaudier forms that gaily rove,
And deem perchance, mistaken as you are,
The "coat of many colours" proves His love,
Whose sign is in the heart and whose reward above.

And ye, blest laborers in this humble sphere,
To deeds of saint-like charity inclined,
Who from your cells of meditation dear
Come forth to guide the weak, untutor'd mind—
Yet ask no payment, save one smile refined
Of grateful love, one tear of contrite pain,
Meekly ye forfeit to your mission kind
The rest of earthly Sabbaths. Be your gain
A Sabbath without end, 'mid yon celestial plain

THE ARK AND DOVE.

"Tell me a story—please," my little girl
Lisped from her cradle. So I bent me down
And told her how it rained, and rained, and rained,
Till all the flowers were covered, and the trees
Hid their tall heads, and where the houses stood,
And people dwelt, a fearful deluge rolled;
Because the world was wicked, and refused
To heed the words of God. But one good man,
Who long had warned the wicked to repent
Obey and live, taught by the voice of Heaven,
Had built an Ark; and thither, with his wife,
And children, turned for safety. Two and two,
Of beasts and birds, and creeping things he took,
With food for all; and when the tempest roared,
And the great fountains of the sky poured out
A ceaseless flood, till all beside were drowned,
They in their quiet vessel dwelt secure.
And so the mighty waters bare them up,
And o'er the bosom of the deep they sailed
For many days. But then a gentle dove

'Scaped from the casement of the ark, and spread
Her lonely pinion o'er that boundless wave.
All, all was desolation. Chirping nest,
Nor face of man, nor living thing she saw,
For all the people of the earth were drowned,
Because of disobedience. Nought she spied
Save wide, dark waters, and a frowning sky,
Nor found her weary foot a place of rest.
So, with a leaf of olive in her mouth,
Sole fruit of her drear voyage, which, perchance
Upon some wrecking billow floated by,
With drooping wing the peaceful Ark she sought.
The righteous man that wandering dove received.
And to her mate restored, who, with sad moans,
Had wondered at her absence.

Then I looked
Upon the child, to see if her young thought
Wearied with following mine. But her blue eye
Was a glad listener, and the eager breath
Of pleased attention curled her parted lip
And so I told her how the waters dried,
And the green branches waved, and the sweet buds
Came up in loveliness, and that meek dove
Went forth to build her nest, while thousand birds
Awoke their songs of praise, and the tired ark
Upon the breezy breast of Ararat
Reposed, and Noah, with glad spirit, reared
An altar to his God.

Since, many a time,
When to her rest, ere evening's earliest star,
That little one is laid, with earnest tone,
And pure cheek prest to mine, she fondly asks
"The Ark and Dove."
Mothers can tell how oft,
In the heart's eloquence, the prayer goes up
From a sealed lip: and tenderly hath blent
With the warm teaching of the sacred tale
A voiceless wish, that when that timid soul,
New in the rosy mesh of infancy,
Fast bound, shall dare the billows of the world,
Like that exploring dove, and find no rest,
A pierced, a pitying, a redeeming hand
May gently guide it to the ark of peace.

SONG OF THE ICELANDIC FISHERMAN

YIELD the bark to the breezes free,
Point her helm to the far deep sea,
Where Heckla's watch-fire, streaming wild,
Hath never the mariner's eye beguiled,
Where, in boiling baths, strange monsters play
Down to the deep sea—launch away!

Gay over coral reefs we steer
  Where moulder the bones of the brave,
Where the beautiful sleep on their humid bier,
And the pale pearl gleams in its quenchless sphere,
  The lamp of their Ocean grave;
Swift o'er the crested surge we row;
Down to the fathomless sea we go.

King of Day! to thee we turn,
  May our course be blest by thee,
Eyes bright as thine in our homes shall burn,
  When again our hearths we see;
When the scaly throng, to our skill a prey
At the feet of our fur clad maids we lay.

Thou art mighty in wrath, devouring tide!
The strong ship loves o'er thy foam to ride,
Her banner by bending clouds carest,
The waves at her keel, and a world in her breast;
Thou biddest the blast of thy billows sweep,
Her tall masts bow to the cleaving deep,
And seal'd in thy cells her proud ones sleep.

Our sails are as chaff, when the tempest raves,
And our boat a speck on the mountain waves:
Yet we pour not to thee, the imploring strain,
We soothe not thine anger, relentless Main!
Libation we pour not, nor vow, nor prayer,
Our hope is in thee,
God of the sea!
The deep is thy path, and the soul thy care.

THE BRAVE BROTHER.

Two little brothers thro' the forest roam'd,
In old time far away.—Not then, as now,
The lordly mansion, and the heavenward spire
Chequer'd the landscape,—but the low-roof'd hut,
With here and there a wigwam—told the life
Of toil and hardship of the sires who stood
On Plymouth-rock.
The children wander'd wide,—
O'er stream and thicket,—their fresh spirits glad
With boyhood's liberty.—Intent they sought
The ripening nuts, or that small, purple grape,
Which waiteth for the frost to clarify
The acid of its blood.
But their lone walk
Was all too early for such sylvan spoil;
For jocund autumn still delay'd to ope
The chestnut's thorny sheath, or to divide
The quarter'd coat that in close armour wrapp'd
The hickory's favourite fruit.—
Hark! a strange sound
Snarling, and hoarse: and thro' the parted boughs
Two fiery wolf-eyes glared.—

The younger boy,—
As the fierce, ravening beast his form reveal'd
Transfix'd with horror,—fill'd the echoing shades
With cries of anguish. But the elder felt
A sudden manhood thro' his pulses start,
Prompting to guard and save the helpless one
Or die beside him.
Soothing with kind words
The frantic child, and knowing flight was vain,
He drew his wood-knife, and upon the sward
Planting his bare feet firmly,—stood resolv'd,—
A better hero, in the holy warmth
Of deep fraternal love,—than many a one
Who wins the world's proud laurel, with the waste
Of others' blood, to gratify the aims
Of pitiless ambition.
It would seem
The wolf had cower'd a moment, at the glance
Of that determined eye,—but with fierce growl
And open jaws, and deadly gnashing teeth
Still nearer drew.—
Alas! the mother's heart,—
Who in her lowly cabin turn'd the wheel,—
Singing, at times, low snatches of the songs
Brought from the Father-land,—and felt no thrill
Premonitory, of her darlings' doom.—
A sudden, sharp report!—a flying shot!—
The monster roll'd in blood.—

PRESBYTERIAN HIST. SOC. OF CALIFORNIA

Through rustling boughs,—
A red-brow'd hunter strode.—His lofty port,
And plumed brow, bespoke a chieftain's pride,—
While with a bright, approving eye he scann'd
The noble boy.—
"If the intruding race
Of pale-fac'd men have bosoms brave as thine,—
The acorn they have planted in the wild
Shall take deep root and spread its branches wide,—
O'er land and sea,—upheld by Him who sits
Above the thunder."
Mid the forest-depths
Again he plung'd,—while to their humble home
The brothers hasted,—in the parents' soul
To wake the enraptur'd prayer of tearful joy
For their deliverance.

THE ANCIENT FAMILY CLOCK.

So, here thou art, old friend,
Ready thine aid to lend,
With honest face,
The gilded figures just as bright
Upon thy painted case,
As when I ran with young delight
Their garniture to trace,
And though forbid thy burnished robe to touch,
Still gazed with folded hands, admiring long and much.

But where is she who sate
Near in her elbow chair,
Teaching with patient care
Life's young beginnner, on thy dial plate
To count the winged minutes, fleet and fair,
And mark each hour with deeds of love?
Lo, she hath broke her league with time, and found the rest above.

Thrice welcome, ancient crone
'Tis sweet to gaze on thee,

And hear thy busy heart beat on.
Come, tell old tales to me:
Old tales such as I love, of hoar antiquity.

Thou hast good store, I trow,
For laughing and for weeping,
Things very strange to know,
And none the worse for keeping.
Soft tales have lovers told
Into the thrilling ear,
Till midnight's witching hour waxed old,
Deeming themselves alone, while thou wert near,
In thy sly corner hid sublime,
With thy '*tick tick*'—to warn how Time
Outliveth Love, boasting itself divine,
Yet fading ere the wreath which its fond votaries twine.

The unuttered hopes and fears,
The deep drawn rapturous tears,
Of young paternity,
Were chronicled by thee.
The nursling's first faint cry,
Which from a bright haired girl of dance and song,
The idol, incense-fed, of an adoring throng,
Did make a mother, with her quenchless eyes
Of love, and truth, and trust, and holiest memories;
As Death's sharp ministry,
Robeth an angel, when the mortal dies.

Thy quick vibrations caught
The cradled infant's ear,
And while it scann'd thy face with curious fear,
Thou did'st awake the new-born thought,
Peering through the humid eye,
Like star-beam in a misty sky;
Though the nurse, standing still more near,
Mark'd but the body's growing wealth,
And praised that fair machine of clay,
Working in mystery and health
Its wondrous way.

Thy voice was like a knell,
Chiming all mournful with the funeral bell,
When stranger-feet came gathering slow
To see the master of the mansion borne
To that last home, the narrow and the low,
From whence is no return.

A sluggard wert thou to the impatient breast,
Of watching lover, or long-parted wife,
Counting each moment while the day unblest,
Like wounded snake, its length did draw;
And blaming thee, as if the strife
Of wild emotion should have been thy law,
When thou wert pledg'd in amity sublime,
To crystal-breasted truth and sky-reporting time.

Glad signal thou hast given
For the gay bridal, when with flower-wreath'd hair
And flushing cheek, the youthful pair
Stand near the priest with reverent air,
Dreaming that earth is heaven:—
And thou hast heralded with joyance fair
The green-wreathed Christmas, and that other feast,
With which the hard lot of colonial care
The pilgrim-sire besprinkled; saving well,
The golden pumpkin, and the fatted beast,
And the rich apple, with its luscious swell,
Till, the thanksgiving sermon duly o'er,
He greets his children at his humble door,
Bidding them welcome to his plenteous hoard,
As, gathering from their distant home,
To knit their gladden'd hearts in love they come,
Each with his youngling brood, round the gray father's board.

Thou hast outlived thy maker, ancient clock!
He in his cold grave sleeps; but thy slight wheels
Still do his bidding, yet his frailty mock,
While o'er his name oblivion steals.
O Man! so prodigal of pride and praise,
Thy works survive thee—dead machines perform
Their revolution, while thy scythe-shorn days
Yield thee a powerless prisoner to the worm—
How dar'st thou sport with Time, while he

Plunges thee darkly in Eternity?
Haste! ere its awful wave engulfs thy form,
And make thy peace with Him, who rules above the storm.

TO A SHRED OF LINEN.

Would they swept cleaner!—
Here's a littering shred
Of linen left behind—a vile reproach
To all good housewifery. Right glad am I,
That no neat lady, train'd in ancient times
Of pudding-making, and of sampler-work,
And speckless sanctity of household care,
Hath happened here, to spy thee. She, no doubt,
Keen looking through her spectacles, would say,
"*This comes of reading books:*"—or some spruce beau
Essenc'd and lily-handed, had he chanc'd
To scan thy slight superfices, 'twould be
"*This comes of writing poetry.*"—Well—well—
Come forth—offender!—hast thou aught to say?
Canst thou by merry thought, or quaint conceit,
Repay this risk, that I have run for thee?
——Begin at alpha, and resolve thyself
Into thine elements. I see the stalk
And bright, blue flower of flax, which erst o'erspread
That fertile land, where mighty Moses stretch'd

His rod miraculous. I see thy bloom
Tinging, too scantly, these New England vales.
But, lo! the sturdy farmer lifts his flail,
To crush thy bones unpitying, and his wife
With 'kerchief'd head, and eyes brimful of dust,
Thy fibrous nerves, with hatchel-tooth divides.
——I hear a voice of music—and behold!
The ruddy damsel singeth at her wheel,
While by her side the rustic lover sits.
Perchance, his shrewd eye secretly doth count
The mass of skeins, which, hanging on the wall,
Increaseth day by day. Perchance his thought,
(For men have deeper minds than women—sure!)
Is calculating what a thrifty wife
The maid will make; and how his dairy shelves
Shall groan beneath the weight of golden cheese,
Made by her dexterous hand, while many a keg
And pot of butter, to the market borne,
May, transmigrated, on his back appear,
In new thanksgiving coats.

Fain would I ask,
Mine own New England, for thy once loved wheel,
By sofa and piano quite displac'd.
Why dost thou banish from thy parlor-hearth
That old Hygeian harp, whose magic rul'd
Dyspepsia, as the minstrel-shepherd's skill
Exorcis'd Saul's ennui? There was no need,
In those good times, of callisthenics, sure,

And there was less of gadding, and far more
Of home-born, heart-felt comfort, rooted strong
In industry, and bearing such rare fruit,
As wealth might never purchase.

But come back,
Thou shred of linen. I did let thee drop,
In my harangue, as wiser ones have lost
The thread of their discourse. What was thy lot
When the rough battery of the loom had stretch'd
And knit thy sinews, and the chemist sun
Thy brown complexion bleach'd?

Methinks I scan
Some idiosyncrasy, that marks thee out
A defunct pillow-case.—Did the trim guest,
To the best chamber usher'd, e'er admire
The snowy whiteness of thy freshen'd youth
Feeding thy vanity? or some sweet babe
Pour its pure dream of innocence on thee?
Say, hast thou listen'd to the sick one's moan,
When there was none to comfort?—or shrunk back
From the dire tossings of the proud man's brow?
Or gather'd from young beauty's restless sigh
A tale of untold love?

Still, close and mute!—
Wilt tell no secrets, ha?—Well then, go down,
With all thy churl-kept hoard of curious lore,
In majesty and mystery, go down
Into the paper-mill, and from its jaws,

Stainless and smooth, emerge.—Happy shall be
The renovation, if on thy fair page
Wisdom and truth, their hallow'd lineaments
Trace for posterity. So shall thine end
Be better than thy birth, and worthier bard
Thine apotheosis immortalise.

THE BUBBLE.

Out springs the bubble, dazzling bright,
With ever-changing hues of light,
And so amid the flowery grass
Our gilded years of childhood pass.
Yet bears not each with traitor sway,
Beneath its robe, some gem away?
Some bud of hope, at morning born,
Without the memory of the thorn?
Some fruit that ripen'd, free from care?
Where are those vanish'd treasures? *where?*

Then knowledge, with her letter'd lore,
Demands us at the nursery-door,
Reproves our love of vain delights,
And on the brow, "sub jugum," writes.
But the sweet joys of earliest days,
The buoyant spirits, wing'd for praise,
Escape,—exhale. We thought them seal'd
For wintry days, their charm to yield.

Where have they fled? Go, ask the sky,
Where fleet the dews, when suns are high.

Upborne by history's arm, we tread
The crumbling soil, o'er nations dead.
The buried king, the mouldering sage,
The relics of a nameless age,
We summon forth, with vain regret;
And in that toil our heart forget:—
Till, warn'd, perchance, by wayward deeds,
How much that realm a regent needs,
Renew, with pangs of contrite pain,
The study of ourselves again.

While thus we roam, the silver hair
Steals o'er our temples here and there,
And beauty starts, amaz'd to see
The ploughshare of an enemy.
—What is that haunt, where willows wave?
That yawning pit? The grave! the grave!
The turf is set, the violets grow,
The throngs rush on, where we lie low.
Our name is lost, amid their strife,
The bubble bursts,—*and this is life!*

THE WESTERN EMIGRANT.

An axe rang sharply 'mid those forest shades
Which from creation toward the skies had tower'd
In unshorn beauty.—There, with vigorous arm
Wrought a bold Emigrant, and by his side
His little son, with question and response,
Beguil'd the toil.

"Boy, thou hast never seen
Such glorious trees. Hark, when their giant trunks
Fall, how the firm earth groans. Remembcrest thou
The mighty river, on whose breast we sail'd,
So many days, on toward the setting sun?
Our own Connecticut, compar'd to that,
Was but a creeping stream."

"Father, the brook
That by our door went singing, where I launch'd
My tiny boat, with my young playmates round
When school was o'er, is dearer far to me,
Than all these bold, broad waters. To my eye
They are as strangers. And those little trees
My mother nurtur'd in the garden bound,

Of our first home, from whence the fragrant peach
Hung in its ripening gold, were fairer, sure,
Than this dark forest, shutting out the day."
—"What, ho!—my little girl," and with light step
A fairy creature hasted toward her sire,
And, setting down the basket that contain'd
His noon's repast, look'd upward to his face
With sweet confiding smile.

"See, dearest, see,
That bright-wing'd paroquet, and hear the song
Of yon gay red-bird, echoing through the trees
Making rich music. Didst thou ever hear,
In far New England, such a mellow tone?"
—"I had a robin that did take the crumbs
Each night and morning, and his chirping voice
Did make me joyful, as I went to tend
My snow-drops. I was always laughing then
In that first home. I should be happier now
Methinks, if I could find among these dells
The same fresh violets."

Slow night drew on,
And round the rude hut of the Emigrant
The wrathful spirit of the rising storm
Spake bitter things. His weary children slept,
And he, with head declin'd, sat listening long
To the swoln waters of the Illinois,
Dashing against their shores.

Starting he spake—
"Wife! did I see thee brush away a tear?
'Twas even so. Thy heart was with the halls
Of thy nativity. Their sparkling lights,
Carpets, and sofas, and admiring guests,
Befit thee better than these rugged walls
Of shapeless logs, and this lone, hermit home."
"No—no. All was so still around, methought
Upon mine ear that echoed hymn did steal,
Which 'mid the church, where erst we paid our vows,
So tuneful peal'd. But tenderly thy voice
Dissolv'd the illusion."
And the gentle smile
Lighting her brow, the fond caress that sooth'd
Her waking infant, reassur'd his soul
That, wheresoe'er our best affections dwell,
And strike a healthful root, is happiness.
Content, and placid, to his rest he sank;
But dreams, those wild magicians, that do play
Such pranks when reason slumbers, tireless wrought
Their will with him.
Up rose the thronging mart
Of his own native city—roof and spire,
All glittering bright, in fancy's frost-work ray.
The steed his boyhood nurtur'd, proudly neigh'd,
The favorite dog came frisking round his feet,
With shrill and joyous bark—familiar doors
Flew open—greeting hands with his were link'd

In friendship's grasp—he heard the keen debate
From congregated haunts, where mind with mind
Doth blend and brighten—and till morning rov'd
Mid the lov'd scenery of his native land.

ON THE ADMISSION OF MICHIGAN INTO THE UNION.

Come in, little sister, so healthful and fair,
Come take in our father's best parlor a share,
You've been kept long enough at the nurse's, I trow,
Where the angry lakes roar and the northern winds blow;
Come in, we've a pretty large household, 'tis true,
But the twenty-five children can make room for you.

A present, I see, for our sire you have brought,
His dessert to embellish, how kind was the thought;
A treat of ripe berries, both crimson and blue,
And wild flowers to stick in his button-hole too,
The rose from your prairie, the nuts from your tree,
What a good little sister—come hither to me.

You've a dowry besides very cunningly stor'd,
To fill a nice cupboard, or spread a broad board,
Detroit, Ypsilanti—Ann Arbour and more—
For the youngest, methinks, quite a plentiful store,
You're a prog, I perceive—it is true to the letter,
And your sharp Yankee sisters will like you the better

But where are your Indians—so feeble and few?
So fall'n from the heights where their forefathers grew!
From the forests they fade, o'er the waters that bore
The names of their baptism, they venture no more—
O soothe their sad hearts ere they vanish afar,
Nor quench the faint beams of their westering star.

Those ladies who sit on the sofa so high,
Are the stateliest dames of our family,
Your thirteen old sisters, don't treat them with scorn,
They were notable spinsters before you were born,
Many stories they know, most instructive to hear,
Go, make them a curtsy, 'twill please them, my dear.

They can teach you the names of those great ones to spell,
Who stood at the helm, when the war tempest fell,
They will show you the writing that gleam'd to the sky
In the year seventy-six, on the fourth of July;
When the flash of the Bunker-Hill flame was red,
And the blood gush'd forth from the breast of the dead.

There are some who may call them both proud and old,
And say they usurp what they cannot hold;
Perhaps, their bright locks have a sprinkle of gray,
But then, little Michy, don't hint it, I pray;
For they'll give you a frown, or a box on the ear,
Or send you to stand in the corner, I fear.

They, indeed, bore the burden and heat of the day,
But you've as good right to your penny as they;
Though the price of our freedom, they better have known,
Since they paid for it, out of their purses alone,
Yet a portion belongs to the youngest, I ween,
So, hold up your head with the "Old Thirteen."

SOLITUDE.

Deep Solitude I sought. There was a dell
Where woven shades shut out the eye of day,
While, towering near, the rugged mountains made
Dark back-ground 'gainst the sky.
Thither I went,
And bade my spirit taste that lonely fount,
For which it long had thirsted 'mid the strife
And fever of the world.—I thought to be
There without witness.—But the violet's eye
Looked up to greet me, the fresh wild-rose smiled,
And the young pendent vine-flower kissed my cheek,
There were glad voices too.—The garrulous brook,
Untiring, to the patient pebbles told
Its history.—Up came the singing breeze,
And the broad leaves of the cool poplar spake
Responsive, every one.—Even busy life
Woke in that dell. The dexterous spider threw
From spray to spray, the silver-tissued snare.
The thrifty ant, whose curving pincers pierced
The rifled grain, toiled toward her citadel.

To her sweet hive went forth the loaded bee,
While, from her wind-rocked nest, the mother-bird
Sang to her nurslings.
Yet I strangely thought
To be alone and silent in thy realm,
Spirit of life and love!—It might not be!—
There is no solitude in thy domains,
Save what man makes, when in his selfish breast
He locks his joy, and shuts out others' grief.
Thou hast not left thyself in this wide world
Without a witness. Even the desert place
Speaketh thy name. The simple flowers and streams
Are social and benevolent, and he,
Who holdeth converse in their language pure,
Roaming among them at the cool of day,
Shall find, like him who Eden's garden drest,
His Maker there, to teach his listening heart.

NATURE'S ROYALTY.

"Show me a king, whose high decree
By all his realm is blest,
Whose heaven-deputed sway shall be
Deep in his subjects' breast."
And lo! a radiant throne was nigh,
A gorgeous purple robe,
A lofty form, an eagle eye,
That aimed to rule the globe.

Peers at his bidding came and went,
Proud hosts to battle trod;
Even high-soul'd Genius humbly bent
And hailed him as a god.
Wealth spread her treasures to his sight,
Fame bade her clarion roll;—
But yet his sceptre seemed to blight
The freedom of the soul.

And deep within his bosom lay
The poison'd shaft of care,

Nor ermined pomp, nor regal sway
Forbade its rankling there.
No fearless truth his ear addressed,
Though thousands sang his praise;
A hollow-hearted thing at best
Was all their courtly phrase.

I saw Suspicion cloud his day,
And fear his firmness move;
And felt there was no perfect sway
Save what is built on love.
"Show me a king."—They brought a child
Clad in his robe of white,
His golden curls waved loose and wild,
His full blue eye was bright.

A haughty warrior strode that way,
Whose crest had never bowed
Beneath his brother of the clay
In battle or in crowd:—
Yet down before that babe he bent,
A captive to his charms,
And meek, as with a slave's intent,
Received him in his arms.

Beauty was near, and love's warm sigh
Burst forth from manhood's breast,
While pride was kindling in that eye

Which saw its power contest:—
"Sing me a song," the urchin cried,
And from her lips did part,
A strain to kneeling man denied,
Rich music of the heart.

A sage austere, for learning famed,
Frown'd with abstracted air:
"Tell me a tale," the child exclaimed,
And boldly climbed his chair:
While he (how wondrous was the change.)
Poured forth, in language free,
Enforc'd with gestures strong and strange,
A tale of Araby.

"I sought a king:"—but Nature cried
His royalty revere,
Who conquers beauty, power and pride,
Thus with a smile or tear:
The anointed monarch's eye may wake,
His bosom grieve alone,
But infant Innocence doth make
The human heart its throne.

THE TIME TO DIE.

There is a time to die.
KING SOLOMON.

I HEARD a stranger's hearse move heavily
Along the pavement. Its deep gloomy pall
No hand of kindred or of friend upbore.
But from the cloud, that veiled his western couch,
The lingering sun shed forth one transient ray,
Like sad and tender farewell to some plant
Which he had nourished. On the giddy crowd
Went dancing in their own enchanted maze,
Drowning the echo of those tardy wheels
Which hoarsely warn'd them of a time to die.
I saw a sable train in sorrow bend
Around a tomb.—There was a stifled sob,
And now and then a pearly tear fell down
Upon the tangled grass.—But then there came
The damp clod harshly on the coffin lid,
Curdling the life blood at the mourner's heart,
While audibly it spake to every ear
"There is a time to die."

And then it seemed
As if from every mound and sepulchre
In that lone cemetery—from the sward
Where slept the span-long infant—to the grave
Of him who dandled on his wearied knee
Three generations—from the turf that veil'd
The wreck of mouldering beauty, to the bed
Where shrank the loathed beggar—rose a cry
From all those habitants of silence—"Yea!—
There is a time to die."
Methought that truth,
In every tongue, and dialect, and tone,
Peal'd o'er each region of the rolling globe;
The simoon breathed it, and the earthquake groan'd
A hollow, deep response—the avalanche
Wrote it in terror on a snowy scroll—
The red volcano belch'd it forth in flames—
Old Ocean bore it on his whelming surge,
And yon, pure, broad, cerulean arch grew dark,
With death's eternal darts.—But joyous Man,
To whom kind heaven the ceaseless warning sent,
Turn'd to his phantom pleasures, and deferr'd,
To some convenient hour, the time to die.

FORGOTTEN FLOWERS TO A BRIDE

We were left behind, but we would not stay,
We found your clue, and have kept the way,
For, sooth to tell, the track was plain
Of a bliss like yours, in a world of pain.
—How little we thought, when so richly we dress't,
To go to your wedding, and vie with the best,
When we made our toilette, with such elegant care,
That we might not disgrace an occasion so rare,
To be whirl'd in a coach, at this violent rate,
From county to county, and State to State!
—Though we travell'd incog, yet we trembled with fear,
For the accents of strangers fell hoarse on our ear;
We could hear every word, as we quietly lay
In the snug box of tin, where they stow'd us away:
But how would our friends at a distance have known
If, charm'd by our beauty, they'd made us their own?
—All unus'd to the taverns and roads, as we were,
Our baggage and bones were a terrible care:
Yet we've 'scaped every peril, the journey is o'er,
And hooded and cloak'd, we are safe at your door.

—We bring you a gift from your native skies,
The crystal gem from affection's eyes,
Which tenderly trickles, when dear ones part,
We have wrapp'd it close in the rose's heart:
We are charg'd with a mother's benison kiss,
Will you welcome us in, to your halls, for this?
—We are chill'd with the cold of our wintry way,
Our message is done, we must fade away:
Let us die on your breast, and our prayer shall be
For an Eden-wreath to thy love and thee.

THE FATHERS OF NEW ENGLAND.

How slow yon lonely vessel ploughs the main!
Amid the heavy billows now she seems
A toiling atom; then, from wave to wave
Leaps madly, by the tempest lash'd, or reels
Half wreck'd through gulfs profound.
Moons wax and wane,
But still that patient traveller treads the deep.
—I see an ice-bound coast toward which she steers
With such a tardy movement, that it seems
Stern Winter's hand hath turn'd her keel to stone,
And seal'd his victory on her slippery shrouds.
—They land! they land! not like the Genoese
With glittering sword, and gaudy train, and eye
Kindling with golden fancies. Forth they come
From their long prison, hardy forms that brave
The world's unkindness, men of hoary hair,
Maidens of fearless heart, and matrons grave,
Who hush the wailing infant with a glance.
Bleak Nature's desolation wraps them round,
Eternal forests, and unyielding earth,

And savage men, who through the thickets peer
With vengeful arrow. What could lure their steps
To this drear desert? Ask of him who left
His father's home to roam through Haran's wild,
Distrusting not the guide who call'd him forth,
Nor doubting, though a stranger, that his seed
Should be as ocean's sands.
But yon lone bark
Hath spread her parting sail.
They crowd the strand,
Those few, lone pilgrims. Can ye scan the wo
That wrings their bosoms, as the last, frail link,
Binding to man, and habitable earth,
Is sever'd? Can ye tell what pangs were there,
With keen regrets, what sickness of the heart,
What yearnings o'er their forfeit land of birth,
Their distant, dear ones?
Long, with straining eye,
They watch the lessening speck. Heard ye no shriek
Of anguish, when that bitter loneliness
Sank down into their bosoms? No! they turn
Back to their dreary, famish'd huts, and pray!
Pray, and the ills that haunt this transient life
Fade into air. Up in each girded breast
There sprang a rooted and mysterious strength,
A loftiness, to face a world in arms,
To strip the pomp from sceptres, and to lay,
On duty's sacred altar, the warm blood

Of slain affections, should they rise between
The soul and God.
Oh ye, who proudly boast,
In your free veins, the blood of sires like these,
Guard well their lineaments. Dread lest ye lose
Their likeness in your sons.
Should Mammon cling
Too close around your heart, or wealth beget
That bloated luxury which eats the core
From manly virtue, or the tempting world
Make faint the Christian purpose in your soul,
Turn ye to Plymouth-rock, and where they knelt
Kneel, and renew the vow they breath'd to God.

THE FALL OF THE ROSE.

ON THE DEATH OF A FAIR YOUNG LADY.

The Rose was saturate with dew,
  As fresh as Nature sends,
And with as bright a sun-beam too,
  As Earth's brief summer lends;
Yet still it long'd with an ardent flame
For that blessed sphere whence its blushes came,
  Gazing up to that cloudless sky
Where Beauty and Love, with their glorious eye
  Ripen, and ripen,—but never die.

Its damask lip to the turf was prest,
  And tears like rain-drops fell,
When it sank from the stalk and the florist's breast
  That had shelter'd it long, and well,—
    And its fragrance fled
    From the garden-bed,
Where it lifted its queenly crown;—
    Yet a spirit-sigh
From the realms on high
To the mourner's heart came down.

'Twas there!—That peerless Rose was there,
Where no frosts, nor mildews are.—
Tenderest friends!—whose watchful care
Mark'd its infant bud unclose,
Ye fear'd the blight for it.
The winds, with moody fit,—
The wintry snows;—
Now, Fear hath fled away,
Hope hath no prayer to say,
For it blooms where Heaven's pure ray
Unchanging glows.

THOUGHT.

'By thy thoughts thou shalt be judged."

Stay, winged thought! I fain would question thee;
Though thy bright pinion is less palpable
Than filmy gossamer, more swift in flight
Than light's transmitted ray.
Art thou a friend?
Thou wilt not answer me. Thou hast no voice
For mortal ear. Thy language is with God.
—I fear thee. Thou'rt a subtle husbandman,
Sowing thy little seed, of good or ill,
In the moist, unsunn'd surface of the heart.
But what thou there in secresy dost plant
Stands with its ripe fruit at the judgment-day.
—What hast thou dared to leave within my breast?
Tell me thy ministry in that lock'd cell
Of which I keep the key, till Death shall come.
Knowest thou that I must give account for thee?

Disrobe thee of thy mystery, and show
What witness thou hast borne to the high Judge.
—Oh Man! so prodigal of words, in deeds
Oft wise and wary, lest thy brother worm
Should hang thereon his echo-taunt of shame,
How dar'st thou trifle with all-fearful thought?
—Beware of thoughts. They whisper to the heavens.
Though mute to thee, they prompt the diamond pen
Of the recording angel.
Make them friends!
Those dread seed-planters for Eternity,
Those sky-reporting heralds. Make them friends!

SCHOOL OF YOUNG LADIES.

How fair upon the admiring sight,
In Learning's sacred fane,
With cheek of bloom, and robe of white,
Glide on yon graceful train.
Blest creatures! to whose gentle eye
Earth's gilded gifts are new,
Ye know not that distrustful sigh
Which deems its vows untrue.

There is a bubble on your cup
By buoyant fancy nurs'd,
How high its sparkling foam leaps up!
Ye do not think 'twill burst:
And be it far from me to fling
On budding joys a blight,
Or darkly spread a raven's wing
To shade a path so bright.

There twines a wreath around your brow,
Blent with the sunny braid;

Love lends its flowers a radiant glow—
Ye do not think 'twill fade:
And yet 'twere safer there to bind
That plant of changeless dye,
Whose root is in the lowly mind,
Whose blossom in the sky.

But who o'er beauty's form can hang,
Nor think how future years
May bring stern sorrow's speechless pang
Or, disappointment's tears,
Unceasing toil, unpitied care,
Cold treachery's serpent moan—
Ills that the tender heart must bear,
Unanswering and alone.

Yet, as the frail and fragrant flower,
Crushed by the sweeping blast,
Doth even in death an essence pour.
The sweetest, and the last,
So woman's deep, enduring love,
Which nothing can appal,
Her steadfast faith, that looks above
For rest, can conquer all.

NIAGARA.

Flow on forever, in thy glorious robe
Of terror and of beauty. Yea, flow on
Unfathom'd and resistless. God hath set
His rainbow on thy forehead: and the cloud
Mantled around thy feet. And he doth give
Thy voice of thunder, power to speak of Him
Eternally—bidding the lip of man
Keep silence—and upon thine altar pour
Incense of awe-struck praise.

Earth fears to lift
The insect-trump that tells her trifling joys
Or fleeting triumphs, 'mid the peal sublime
Of thy tremendous hymn. Proud Ocean shrinks
Back from thy brotherhood, and all his waves
Retire abash'd. For he hath need to sleep,
Sometimes, like a spent laborer, calling home
His boisterous billows, from their vexing play,

To a long, dreary calm: but thy strong tide
Faints not, nor e'er with failing heart, forgets
Its everlasting lesson, night nor day.
The morning stars, that hail'd creation's birth,
Heard thy hoarse anthem, mixing with their song
Jehovah's name; and the dissolving fires,
That wait the mandate of the day of doom
To wreck the earth, shall find it deep inscrib'd
Upon thy rocky scroll.

The lofty trees
That list thy teachings, scorn the lighter lore
Of the too fitful winds; while their young leaves
Gather fresh greenness from thy living spray,
Yet tremble at the baptism. Lo! yon birds,
How bold they venture near, dipping their wing
In all thy mist and foam. Perchance 'tis meet
For them to touch thy garment's hem, or stir
Thy diamond wreath, who sport upon the cloud,
Unblam'd, or warble at the gate of heaven
Without reproof. But, as for us, it seems
Scarce lawful, with our erring lips to talk
Familiarly of thee. Methinks, to trace
Thine awful features, with our pencil's point,
Were but to press on Sinai.

Thou dost speak
Alone of God, who pour'd thee as a drop

From his right-hand,—bidding the soul that looks
Upon thy fearful majesty, be still,
Be humbly wrapp'd in its own nothingness,
And lose itself in Him.

THE SICK CHILD.

Thy fever'd arms around me,
My little, suffering boy—
Tis better thus with thee to watch,
Than share in fashion's joy.

The pale nurse-lamp is waning
Upon the shaded hearth,
And dearer is its light to me
Than the gay flambeau's mirth.

I've lov'd the merry viol
That spurs the dancer's heel,
And those soft tremblings of the lute
O'er summer's eve that steal;

But when hath richest music
Been to my soul so dear,
As that half-broken sob of thine
Which tells that sleep is near?

I knew not half how precious
The cup of life might be,
Till o'er thy cradle bed I knelt,
And learn'd to dream of thee;

Till at the midnight hour I found
Thy head upon my arm,
And saw thy full eye fix'd on mine,
A strong, mysterious charm;

Till at thy first faint lisping
That tear of rapture stole,
Which ever as a pearl had slept
Deep in the secret soul.

A coffin small, and funeral,
With all their sad array,
Gleam as my broken slumbers fleet
On sable wing away.

Rouse, rouse me, ere such visions
My heated brain can sear,
For still my baby's heavy knell
Comes booming o'er my ear.

Cling closer, round my bosom
Thy feeble arms entwine,

And while the life-throb stirs thy heart,
Be as a part of mine.

That start, that cry, that struggle!
My God—I am but clay,
Have pity on a bruised reed,
Give thy compassions way;

Send forth thy strength to gird me,
Impart a power divine,
To wring out sorrow's dregs, and say
"Oh! not my will but thine."

TWILIGHT.

I WOULD ye had not glared on me so soon,
Officious lamps!—that gild the parlor scene
With such oppressive brightness.—They were here
Whose garments like the tissue of our dreams
Steal o'er the eye, and win it from the world.
They smiled on me so sweetly, and their hands
Clasped mine, and their calm presence woo'd away
The throb of grief so tenderly—I would
That twilight to the purple peep of dawn
Had kindly lingered.
She, who nearest hung,
Pressing my head to her meek, matron breast,
Was one who lulled me to my cradle sleep,
With such blest melodies as memory pours
Fresh from her echo-harp, when the fond heart
Asks for its buried joys.—Slow years have sown
Rank rooted herbage o'er her lowly couch,
Since she arose to chant that endless song
Which hath no dissonance.
Another form

Sat at her feet, whose brow was bright with bloom
When the cold grave shut o'er it.—It hath left
Its image every where—upon my books,
My bower of musing, and my page of thought,
And the lone altar of the secret soul.
Would that those lips had spoken!—yet I hear
Always their ring-dove murmuring, when I tread
Our wonted shady haunts.
Say, is there aught
Like the tried friendship of the sacred dead?
It cannot hide its face, it changeth not,
Grieves not, suspects not, may not fleet away;
For as a seal upon the melted heart
'Tis set forever.—Sure 'tis weak to mourn
Though thorns are at the bosom, or the blasts
Of this bleak world beat harshly, if there come
Such angel-visitants at even-tide,
Or midnight's holy hush, to cleanse away
The stains which day hath gathered, and with touch
Pure and ethereal to sublimate
The erring spirit.

FUNERAL OF MAZEEN.

THE LAST OF THE ROYAL LINE OF THE MOHEGAN NATION.

'Mid the trodden turf is an open grave,
And a funeral train where the wild flowers wave,
And a manly sleeper doth seek his bed
In the narrow house of the sacred dead,
Yet the soil hath scantily drank of the tear,
For the red-brow'd few are the mourners here.

They have lower'd the prince to his resting spot,
The deep prayer hath swell'd, but they heed it not,
Their abject thoughts 'mid his ashes grope,
And quench'd in their souls is the light of hope;
Know ye their pangs, who turn away
The vassal foot from a monarch's clay?

With the dust of kings in this noteless shade,
The last of a royal line is laid,
In whose stormy veins that current roll'd
Which curb'd the chief and the warrior bold;
Yet pride still burns in their humid clay,
Though the pomp of the sceptre hath pass'd away.

They spake, and the war-dance wheel'd its round,
Or the wretch to the torturing stake was bound;
They lifted their hand, and the eagle fell
From his sunward flight, or his cloud-wrapt cell;
They frown'd, and the tempest of battle arose,
And streams were stain'd with the blood of foes.

Be silent, O Grave! o'er thy hoarded trust,
And smother the voice of the royal dust;
The ancient pomp of their council-fires,
Their simple trust in our pilgrim sires,
The wiles that blasted their withering race,
Hide, hide them deep in thy darkest place.

Till the rending caverns shall yield their dead,
Till the skies as a burning scroll are red,
Till the wondering slave from his chain shall spring,
And to falling mountains the tyrant cling,
Bid all their woes with their relics rest
And bury their wrongs in thy secret breast.

But, when aroused at the trump of doom,
Ye shall start, bold kings, from your lowly tomb,
When some bright-wing'd seraph of mercy shall bend
Your stranger eye on the Sinner's Friend,
Kneel, kneel, at His throne whose blood was spilt,
And plead for your pale-brow'd brother's guilt.

THE MOURNING DAUGHTER.

Wheels o'er the pavement roll'd, and a slight form,
Just in the bud of blushing womanhood,
Reach'd the paternal threshold. Wrathful night
Muffled the timid stars, and rain-drops hung
On that fair creature's rich and glossy curls.
She stood and shiver'd, but no mother's hand
Dried those damp tresses, and with warm caress
Sustain'd the weary spirit. No, that hand
Was with the cold, dull earth worm.

Gray and sad,
The tottering nurse rose up, and that old man,
The soldier-servant who had train'd the steeds
Of her slain brothers for the battle field,
Essay'd to lead her to the couch of pain,
Where her sick father pined.

Oft had he yearn'd
For her sweet presence, oft in midnight's watch,
Mus'd of his dear one's smile, till dreams restor'd
The dove-like dalliance of her ruby lip
Breathing his woes away. While distant far,

She, patient student, bending o'er her tasks,
Toil'd for the fruits of knowledge, treasuring still,
In the heart's casket, his approving word
And the pure music of the welcome home,
Rich payment of her labors.

But there came
A summons of surprise, and on the wings
Of filial love she hasted. 'Twas too late;
The lamp of life still burned, yet 'twas too late.
The mind had pass'd away, and who could call
Its wing from out the sky?

For the embrace
Of strong idolatry, was but the glare
Of a fix'd vacant eye. Disease had dealt
A fell assassin's blow. Oh God! the blight
That fell on those fresh hopes, when all in vain
The passive hand was grasp'd and the wide halls
Re-echoed "*father! father!*"

Through the shades
Of that long, silent night, she sleepless bent;
Bathing with tireless hand the unmov'd brow,
And the death-pillow smoothing. When fair morn
Came with its rose tint up, she shrieking clasp'd
Her hands in joy, for its reviving ray
Flush'd that wan brow, as if with one brief trace
Of waken'd intellect. 'Twas seeming all,
And Hope's fond vision faded, as the day
Rode on in glory.

Eve, her curtain drew
And found that pale and beautiful watcher there,
Still unreposing. Restless on his couch
Toss'd the sick man. Cold lethargy had steep'd
Its last dead poppy in his heart's red stream,
And agony was stirring Nature up
To struggle with her foe.

"Father in heaven!
Oh give him sleep!" sigh'd an imploring voice,
And then she ran to hush the measur'd tick
Of the dull night-clock, and to scare the owl
That, clinging to the casement, hoarsely pour'd
A boding note. But soon, from that lone couch
A hollow groan announc'd the foe that strikes
But once.

They bore the fainting girl away,
And paler than that ashen corse, her face
Half by a flood of ebon tresses hid
Droop'd o'er the old nurse's shoulder. It was sad
To see a young heart breaking, while the old
Sank down to rest.

There was another change.
The mournful bell toll'd out the funeral hour,
And groups came gathering to the gate where stood
The sable hearse. Friends throng'd with heavy hearts,
And curious villagers, intent to scan
The lordly mansion, and cold worldly men,
Even o'er the coffin and the warning shroud,

Revolving selfish schemes.

But one was there,
To whom all earth could render nothing back,
Like that pale changeless brow. Calmly she stood,
As marble statue. Not one trickling tear,
Or trembling of the eye-lid told she liv'd,
Or tasted sorrow. The old house-dog came,
Pressing his rough head to her snowy palm,
All unreproved.

He for his master mourn'd;
And could she spurn that faithful friend, who oft
His shaggy length through many a fireside hour
Stretch'd at her father's feet? who round his bed
Of sickness watch'd with wistful, wondering eye
Of earnest sympathy? No, round his neck
Her infant arms had clasp'd, and still he rais'd
His noble front beside her, proud to guard
The last, lov'd relic of his master's house.

The deadly calmness of that mourner's brow
Was a deep riddle to the lawless thought
Of whispering gossips. Of her sire they spake,
Who suffer'd not the winds of heaven to touch
The tresses of his darling, and who dream'd
In the warm passion of his heart's sole love
She was a mate for angels. Bold they gaz'd
Upon her tearless cheek, and, murmuring, said,
"How strange that he should be so lightly mourn'd."

Oh woman, oft misconstrued! the pure pearls
Lie all too deep in thy heart's secret well,
For the unpausing and impatient hand
To win them forth. In that meek maiden's breast
Sorrow and loneliness sank darkly down,
Though the blanch'd lips breath'd out no boisterous plaint
Of common grief.
Even on to life's decline,
Through all the giddy round of prosperous years,
The birth of new affections, and the joys
That cluster round earth's favorites, there walk'd
Still at her side, the image of her sire,
As in that hour, when his cold, glazing eye
Met hers, and knew her not. When her full cup
Perchance had foam'd with pride, that icy glance
Checking its effervescence, taught her soul
The chasten'd wisdom of attemper'd bliss.

THE HAPPY FARMER.

Saw ye the farmer at his plough
As you were riding by?
Or wearied 'neath his noon-day toil,
When summer suns were high?
And thought you that his lot was hard?
And did you thank your God,
That you, and yours, were not condemn'd
Thus like a slave to plod?

Come, see him at his harvest home,
When garden, field, and tree,
Conspire, with flowing stores to fill
His barn, and granary.
His healthful children gaily sport,
Amid the new-mown hay,
Or proudly aid, with vigorous arm,
His task, as best they may.

The dog partakes his master's joy,
And guards the loaded wain,

The feathery people clap their wings,
And lead their youngling train.
Perchance, the hoary grandsire's eye
The glowing scene surveys,
And breathes a blessing on his race
Or guides their evening praise.

The Harvest-Giver is their friend,
The Maker of the soil,
And Earth, the Mother, gives them bread
And cheers their patient toil.
Come, join them round their wintry hearth,
Their heartfelt pleasures see,
And you can better judge how blest
The farmer's life may be.

A COTTAGE SCENE.

I saw a cradle at a cottage door,
Where the fair mother, with her cheerful wheel,
Carolled so sweet a song, that the young bird,
Which, timid, near the threshold sought for seeds,
Paused on its lifted foot, and raised its head,
As if to listen. The rejoicing bees
Nestled in throngs amid the wood-bine cups
That o'er the lattice clustered. A clear stream
Came leaping from its sylvan height, and poured
Music upon the pebbles, and the winds
Which gently 'mid the vernal branches played
Their idle freaks, brought showering blossoms down,
Surfeiting earth with sweetness.

Sad I came
From weary commerce with the heartless world;
But when I felt upon my withered cheek
My mother Nature's breath, and heard the trump
Of those gay insects at their honied toil,
Shining like winged jewelry, and drank
The healthful odor of the flowering trees

And bright-eyed violets; but, most of all,
When I beheld mild slumbering innocence,
And on that young maternal brow the smile
Of those affections which do purify
And renovate the soul, I turned me back
In gladness, and with added strength, to run
My weary race—lifting a thankful prayer
To Him who showed me some bright tints of Heaven
Here on the earth, that I might safer walk
And firmer combat sin, and surer rise
From earth to Heaven.

ROSE TO THE DEAD.

I PLUCK'D a rose for thee, sweet friend,
Thy ever favorite flower,
A bud I long had nurs'd for thee,
Within my wintry bower;
I group'd it with the fragrant leaves
That on the myrtle grew,
And tied it with a silken string
Of soft cerulean blue.

I brought them all to thee, sweet friend,
And stood beside the chair,
Where sickness long thy step had chain'd,
But yet thou wert not there;
I turn'd me to thy curtain'd bed,
So fair with snowy lawn,
Methought the unpress'd pillow said
"Not here, but risen and gone."

Thy book of prayer lay open wide,
And 'mid its leaves were seen,

A flower with petals shrunk and dried,
Lost Summer's wither'd queen.
It was a flower I gave thee, friend,
Thou lov'dst it for my sake;
"See here a fresher one I bring,"
No lip in answer spake.

Then from the sofa's quiet side
I rais'd the covering rare,
"Sleepest thou?" upon the forehead lay
Unstirr'd the auburn hair:
But when to leave my cherish'd gift,
That gentle hand I stole,
Its icy touch! its fearful chill,
Congeal'd my inmost soul.

Ah friend, dear friend! and can it be
Thy last sweet word is said?
That all too late my token comes,
To cheer the pulseless dead?
Here, on thy cold unheaving breast,
The promis'd Rose I lay,
The last, poor symbol of a love
That cannot fade away.

But thou, 'mid yon perennial bowers
Where angel footsteps roam,

Among the ever-fragrant flowers
That deck the spirit's home,
Rememberest thou the mourning friend,
Who nightly weeps for thee?
And wilt thou pluck a thornless rose
And keep it safe for me?

BURIAL OF TWO YOUNG SISTERS,

THE ONLY CHILDREN OF THEIR PARENTS.

THEY'RE here, in this turf-bed—those tender forms,
So kindly cherish'd, and so fondly loved,
They're here.
Sweet sisters! pleasant in their lives
And not in death divided. Sure 'tis meet
That blooming ones should linger here and learn
How quick the transit to the silent tomb.
I do remember them, their pleasant brows
So mark'd with pure affections, and the glance
Of their mild eyes, when, in the house of God,
They gathered up the manna, that distill'd,
Like dew, around.
The eldest, parted first,
And it was touching even to tears, to see
The perfect meekness of that child-like soul,
Turning 'mid sorrow's chastening to its God,
And loosening every link of earthly hope,
To gird an angel's glorious garments on.
The younger lingered yet a little while,

Drooping and beautiful. Strongly the nerve
Of that lone spirit clasped its parent-prop:
Yet still in timid tenderness embraced
The Rock of Ages—while the Saviour's voice
Confirmed its trust: "Suffer the little ones
To come to me."

And then her sister's couch
Undrew its narrow covering—and those forms,
Which side by side, on the same cradle-bed,
So oft had shared the sleep of infancy,
Were laid on that clay pillow, cheek to cheek
And hand to hand, until that morning break,
Which hath no night.

And ye are left alone,
Who nurtured those fair buds, and often said
Unto each other, in the hour of care,
"These same shall comfort us for all our toil."
Yes, ye are left alone. It is not ours
To heal such wound. Man hath too weak a hand,
All he can give, is tears.

But he who took
Your treasures to his keeping: He hath power
To bear you onward to that better land,
Where none are written childless, and torn hearts
Blend in a full eternity of bliss.

AUTUMN.

Has it come, the time to fade?
And with a murmur'd sigh,
The Maple, in his scarlet robe,
Was the first to make reply;
And the queenly Dahlias droop'd
Upon their thrones of state,
The frost-king, with his baleful kiss,
Had well forestall'd their fate.

Hydrangia, on her telegraph
A hurried signal trac'd
Of dire and dark conspiracy
That Summer's realm menac'd;
Then quick the proud exotic peers,
In consternation fled,
And refuge in their green-house sought
Before the day of dread.

The vine that o'er my casement climb'd
And cluster'd day by day,

I count its leaflets every morn,
  See, how they fade away;
And, as they withering one by one
  Forsake their parent tree,
I call each sere and yellow leaf,
  A buried friend to me.

Put on thy mourning, said my soul,
  And with a tearful eye,
Walk softly 'mid the many graves,
  Where thy companions lie.
The violet, like a loving babe,
  When vernal suns were new,
That met thee with a soft, blue eye,
  And lips all bath'd in dew,

The lily, as a timid bride,
  While summer suns were fair,
That put her snowy hand in thine,
  To bless thee for thy care,
The trim and proud anemone,
  The daisy from the vale,
The purple lilac towering high
  To guard his sister pale,

The ripen'd rose, where are they now?
  But from the rifled bower

A voice came forth "take heed to note
Thine own receding hour,
And let the strange and silver hair
That o'er thy forehead strays
Be as a monitor, to tell
The autumn of thy days."

THE LAST SUPPER.

A PICTURE BY LEONARDI DA VINCI.

Behold that countenance, where grief and love
Blend with ineffable benignity,
And deep, unuttered majesty divine.

Whose is that eye which seems to read the heart,
And yet to have shed the tear of mortal woe?
Redeemer! is it thine? And is this feast,
Thy last on earth? Why do the chosen few,
Admitted to thy parting banquet, stand
As men transfix'd with horror?
Ah! I hear
The appalling answer, from those lips divine,
"One of you shall betray me."
One of these?
Who by thy hand was nurtured, heard thy prayers,
Received thy teachings, as the thirsty plant
Turns to the rain of summer? One of these!
Therefore, with deep and deadly paleness droops

The loved disciple, as if life's warm spring
Chilled to the ice of death, at such strange shock
Of unimagined guilt. See, his whole soul
Concentred in his eye, the man who walked
The waves with Jesus, all impetuous prompts
The horror struck inquiry—"Is it I?
Lord! is it I?" while earnest pressing near,
His brother's lip, in ardent echo seems
Doubling the fearful thought. With brow upraised,
Andrew absolves his soul of charge so foul;
And springing eager from the table's foot,
Bartholomew bends forward, full of hope,
That by his ear, the Master's awful words
Had been misconstrued. To the side of Christ,
James, in the warmth of cherished friendship clings,
Yet trembles as the traitor's image steals
Into his throbbing heart; while he, whose hand
In sceptic doubt was soon to probe the wounds
Of him he loved, points upward to invoke
The avenging God. Philip, with startled gaze,
Stands in his crystal singleness of soul,
Attesting innocence—while Matthew's voice,
Repeating fervently the Master's words,
Rouses to agony the listening group,
Who, half incredulous, with terror, seem
To shudder at his accents.

All the twelve
With strong emotion strive, save one false breast

By Mammon seared, which, brooding o'er its gain,
Weighs thirty pieces with the Saviour's blood.
Son of perdition!—dost thou freely breathe
In such pure atmosphere?—And canst thou hide,
'Neath the cold calmness of that settled brow,
The burden of a deed whose very name
Strikes all thy brethren pale?
But can it be
That the strange power of this soul-harrowing scene
Is the slight pencil's witchery?—I would speak
Of him who pour'd such bold conception forth
O'er the dead canvass. But I dare not muse,
Now of a mortal's praise. Subdued I stand
In thy sole, sorrowing presence, Son of God—
I feel the breathing of those holy men,
From whom thy gospel, as on angel's wing,
Went out through all the earth. I see how deep
Sin in the soul may lurk, and fain would kneel
Low at thy blessed feet, and trembling ask—
"Lord!—is it I?"
For who may tell, what dregs
Do slumber in his breast. Thou, who didst taste
Of man's infirmities, yet bar his sins
From thine unspotted soul, forsake us not
In our temptations; but so guide our feet,
That our Last Supper in this world may lead
To that immortal banquet by thy side,
Where there is no betrayer.

WASHINGTON'S TOMB.

ADAPTED TO MUSIC.

Tomb of the mighty dead!
How sacred every tree,
Waving above thy head,
Or shedding bloom on thee:
As long as fair Potomac flows,
Sparkling 'neath Mount Vernon's sun,
Rever'd by friends and foes
Dwell here, in blest repose,
Washington!

Sons of the pilgrim sires,
Sons of yon boundless west,
Ye, whom the tropic fires,
Or hoarse lakes lull to rest,
If wandering wide, you e'er forget
Ties that bind us all in one,
Here, at your father's feet,
The brothers' vow repeat,
While the breeze respondeth sweet,
Washington!

He, of Helena's rock
Hath an enduring name,
Echoed in battle shock,
Sculptured with blood and flame:
But, when the mother at her knee
Whispereth to her cradled son
The alphabet of liberty,
Will he not lisp of thee,
Washington?

Should baleful Discord steal
Our patriot strength away,
Or fierce Invasion's zeal
Recal old Bunker's day,
Or mad Disunion smite the tree
Nurs'd so long in Glory's sun,
Mount Vernon's tomb shall be
The watch-word of the free,
Guiding their hearts to thee,
Washington!

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN AGED PASTOR.

I do remember him. His saintly voice,
So duly lifted in the house of God,
Comes, with the far off wing of infant years,
Like solemn music. Often have we hush'd
The shrillest echo of our holiday,
Turning our mirth to reverence as he pass'd,
And eager to record one favoring smile,
Or word paternal.

At the bed of death
I do remember him; when one, who bore
For me a tender love, did feel that pang
Which makes the features rigid—and the eye
Like a fix'd glassy orb. Her head was white
With many winters—but her furrow'd brow
To me was beautiful—for she had cheer'd
My lonely childhood with a changeless stream
Of pure benevolence. His earnest tone,
Girding her from the armory of God
To foil the terrors of that shadowy vale
Through which she walk'd, doth linger round me still;

And by that gush of bitter tears, when first
Grief came into my bosom—by that thrill
Of agony, which from the open grave
Rose wildly forth—I do remember him,
The comforter and friend.
When Fancy's smile
Gilding youth's scenes, and promising to bring
The curtain'd morrow fairer than to-day,
Enkindled wilder gaiety than fits
Beings so frail—how oft his funeral prayer
Over some shrouded sleeper, made a pause
In folly's song, or warn'd her roving eye
That all man's glory was the flower of grass
Beneath the mower's scythe.
His fourscore years
Sat lightly on him—for his heart was glad,
Even to its latest pulse, with that fond love,
Home-nurtur'd and reciprocal, which girds
And garners up, in sorrow and in joy.
—I was not with the weepers—when the hearse
Stood all expectant at his pleasant door,
And other voices from his pulpit said
That he was not:—but yet the requiem sigh
Of that sad organ, in its sable robe,
Made melancholy music in my dreams.
—And so, farewell, thou who didst shed the dew
Baptismal on mine infancy, and lead
To the Redeemer's sacred board, a guest

Timid and unassur'd—yet gathering strength
From the blest promise of Jehovah's aid
Unto the early seeker. When again
My native spot unfolds that pictur'd chart
Unto mine eye, which in my heart I hold,
Rocks, woods and waters exquisitely blent,
Thy cordial welcome I no more shall hear—
Father and guide—nor can I hope to win
Thy glance from glory's mansion, while I lay
This wild-flower garland on thine honor'd tomb.

OUR ABORIGINES.

I HEARD the forests as they cried
Unto the valleys green,
"Where is the red-brow'd hunter-race,
Who lov'd our leafy screen?
Who humbled 'mid these dewy glades
The red deer's antler'd crown,
Or soaring at his highest noon,
Struck the strong eagle down."

Then in the zephyr's voice replied
Those vales, so meekly blest,
"They rear'd their dwellings on our side,
Their corn upon our breast;
A blight came down, a blast swept by,
The cone-roof'd cabins fell,
And where that exil'd people fled,
It is not ours to tell."

Niagara, of the mountains gray,
Demanded, from his throne,

And old Ontario's billowy lake
Prolong'd the thunder tone,
"The chieftains at our side who stood
Upon our christening day,
Who gave the glorious names we bear,
Our sponsors, where are they?"

And then the fair Ohio charg'd
Her many sisters dear,
"Show me once more, those stately forms
Within my mirror clear;"
But they replied, "tall barks of pride
Do cleave our waters blue,
And strong keels ride our farthest tide,
But where's their light canoe?"

The farmer drove his plough-share deep
"Whose bones are these?" said he,
"I find them where my browsing sheep
Roam o'er the upland lea."
But starting sudden to his path
A phantom seem'd to glide,
A plume of feathers on his head,
A quiver at his side.

He pointed to the rifled grave
Then rais'd his hand on high,

And with a hollow groan invok'd
  The vengeance of the sky.
O'er the broad realm so long his own
  Gaz'd with despairing ray,
Then on the mist that slowly curl'd,
  Fled mournfully away.

THE BITTERNESS OF DEATH.

"Oh Death! how bitter is the remembrance of thee to a man that is at ease in his possessions."—Ecclesiasticus, iv., 1.

The rich man moved in pomp. His soul was gorged
With the gross fulness of material things,
So that it spread no pinion forth to seek
A better world than this. There was a change,
And in the sleepless chamber of disease,
Curtained and nursed, and ill-content he lay.
He had a wasted and an eager look,
And on the healer's brow he fixed a glance,
Keen—yet imploring.
What he greatly feared
Had come upon him. So he went his way—
The way of all the earth—and his lands took
Another's name.
Why dost thou come, O Death!

To print the bridal chamber with thy foot,
And leave the ruin of thy ministry,
Where love, and joy, and hope so late had hung
Their diamond cressets?
To the cradle side
Why need'st thou steal, changing to thine own hue
Of ghastly pale, the youthful mother's brow;
And for her nightly watching, leaving nought
In mocking payment, but a form of clay,
And the torn heart-strings in her bleeding breast?
—Come to the aged, he hath sorely trod
Time's rugged road, until his staff is broke,
And his feet palsied, and his friends all gone;
Lay thy cold finger on life's last faint spark,
And scarcely gasping he shall follow thee.
—Come to the saint, for he will meekly take
Thy message to his soul, and welcome thee
In Jesus' name, and bless the shadowy gate
Which thou dost open.
Wait awhile, O Death!
For those who love this fleeting world too well;
Wait, till it force their hearts to turn away
From all its empty promises, and loathe
Its deep hypocrisy. Oh! wait for those
Who have not tasted yet of Heaven's high grace,
Nor bring them to their audit, all unclothed
With a Redeemer's righteousness.

THE HOPIA TREE.

PLANTED OVER THE GRAVE OF MRS. ANN H. JUDSON.

"Rest! Rest!—the Hopia tree is green,
And proudly waves its leafy screen,
Thy lowly bed above,
And by thy side, no more to weep,
Thine infant shares the gentle sleep,
Thy youngest bud of love.

"How oft its feeble wailing cry
Detain'd unseal'd thy watchful eye,
And pain'd that parting hour
When pallid death, with stealthy tread,
Descried thee on thy fever-bed,
And proved his fatal power.

"Ah! do I see with faded charm,
Thy head reclining on thine arm,
*The Teacher** far away?

* "The last day or two of her life, she lay almost motionless, on

But now, thy mission-labors o'er,
Rest, weary clay, to wake no more,
Till the Great Rising-Day."

Thus spake the traveller, as he staid
His step within that sacred shade,
A man of God was he,
Who his Redeemer's glory sought,
And paused to woo the holy thought
Beneath that Hopia tree.

The Salwen's tide went rushing by,
And Burmah's cloudless moon was high,
With many a solemn star;
And while he mus'd methought there stole
An angel's whisper o'er his soul,
From that pure clime afar,

Where swells no more the heathen sigh,
Nor 'neath the idol's stony eye
Dark sacrifice is done,
And where no more, by prayers and tears,
And toils of agonising years,
The martyr's crown is won.

one side, her head reclining on her arm. Sometimes she said, 'The teacher is long in coming, and the new missionaries are long in coming. I must die alone.' "—*Knowles's Memoir.*

Then visions of the faith that blest
The dying saint's rejoicing breast,
And set the pagan free,
Came thronging on, serenely bright,
And cheer'd the traveller's heart that night,
Beneath the Hopia tree.

A DOOR OPENED IN HEAVEN.

"I looked, and, behold, a door was opened in heaven."
REVELATIONS, IV., 31.

It seemed not as a dream, and yet I stood
Beside Heaven's gate. Its mighty valves were loosed,
And upward, from earth's tribulation, came
A soul, whose passport, signed in Calvary's blood,
Prevailed. Around the golden threshold's verge
I saw the dazzling of celestial wings,
Thronging to welcome it. The towering form
Of an archangel bore it company
Up to God's throne. Soft on my ear their tones,
Serenely wafted by ambrosial gales,
Fell like rich music.

"Wherefore didst thou pass
Weeping along thy pilgrimage?" inquired
The sinless seraph.

"Thorns beset my path.
I sought and found not. I obtained and mourned.

I loved and lost. Ingratitude and Hate
Did whet their serpent tooth upon my fame.
My wealth took wing. I planted seeds of bliss,
And sorrow blossomed."

But the risen from earth
Faltered to mark that high archangel's glance
Bent downward with surprise, as though it asked—
"Had thy felicity no deeper root,
Thou sky-born soul, for whom the Son of God
Bowed to be crucified?"

So when I saw,
Or dreamed I saw, that even in Heaven might dwell
Reproof and penitence, I prayed to look
Ever upon that flood of light which gilds
Each morning with its mercy, and whose beams
Are brightened every moment, and to bear
God's discipline with gladness; that no tear
For trials lost, be shed beyond the grave.

PASSING AWAY.

"The fashion of this world passeth away."—1 CORINTHIANS, VII., 31.

A ROSE upon her mossy stem,
Fair Queen of Flora's gay domain,
All graceful wore her diadem,
The brightest 'mid the brilliant train;
But evening came, with frosty breath,
And, ere the quick return of day,
Her beauties, in the blight of death,
Had pass'd away.

I saw, when morning gemmed the sky,
A fair young creature gladly rove,
Her moving lip was melody,
Her varying smile the charm of love;
At eve I came—but on her bed
She drooped, with forehead pale as clay—
"What dost thou here?"—she faintly said,
"Passing away."

I looked on manhood's towering form
Like some tall oak when tempests blow,
That scorns the fury of the storm
And strongly strikes its root below.
Again I looked—with idiot cower
His vacant eye's unmeaning ray
Told how the mind of godlike power
Passeth away.

O earth! no better wealth hast thou?
No balsam for the heart that bleeds?
Fade all thy blossoms on their bough?
Fail all thy props like bruised reeds?
The soul replied, "My hopes are wreath'd
Around the bowers of changeless day,
Where angel tones have never breath'd
'Passing away.'"

SUNSET ON THE ALLEGHANY.

I was a pensive pilgrim at the foot
Of the crown'd Alleghany, when he wrapp'd
His purple mantle gloriously around,
And took the homage of the princely hills,
And ancient forests, as they bow'd them down,
Each in his order of nobility.
—And then in glorious pomp, the sun retir'd
Behind that solemn shadow. And his train
Of crimson, and of azure and of gold
Went floating up the zenith, tint on tint,
And ray on ray, till all the concave caught
His parting benediction.
But the glow
Faded to twilight, and dim evening sank
In deeper shade, and there that mountain stood
In awful state, like dread ambassador
'Tween earth and heaven. Methought it frown'd severe
Upon the world beneath, and lifted up
The accusing forehead sternly toward the sky
To witness 'gainst its sins And is it meet

For thee, swoln out in cloud-capp'd pinnacle,
To scorn thine own original, the dust
That, feebly eddying on the angry winds,
Doth sweep thy base? Say, is it meet for thee,
Robing thyself in mystery, to impeach
This nether sphere, from whence thy rocky root
Draws depth and nutriment?
But lo! a star,
The first meek herald of advancing night,
Doth peer above thy summit, as some babe
Might gaze with brow of timid innocence
Over a giant's shoulder. Hail, lone star!
Thou friendly watcher o'er an erring world,
Thine uncondemning glance doth aptly teach
Of that untiring mercy, which vouchsafes
Thee light, and *man* salvation.
Not to mark
And treasure up his follies, or recount
Their secret record in the court of Heaven,
Thou com'st. Methinks, thy tenderness would shroud
With trembling mantle, his infirmities.
The purest natures are most pitiful.
But they who feel corruption strong within,
Do launch their darts most fiercely at the trace
Of their own image, in another's breast.
—So the wild bull, that in some mirror spies
His own mad visage, furiously destroys
The frail reflector. But thou, stainless star!

Shalt stand a watchman on Creation's walls,
While race on race, their little circles mark,
And slumber in the tomb. Still point to all,
Who through this evening scene may wander on,
And from yon mountain's cold magnificence
Turn to thy milder beauty, point to all,
The eternal love that nightly sends thee forth,
A silent teacher of its boundless lore.

CONTENTMENT.

"Is that beast better that hath two or three mountains to graze on, than a little bee that feeds on dew or manna, and lives upon what falls every morning from the storehouses of heaven, clouds, and providence? Can a man quench his thirst better out of a river than a full urn; or drink better from the fountain which is finely paved with marble, than when it swells over the green turf?"

BISHOP JEREMY TAYLOR.

THINK'ST thou the steed that restless roves
O'er rocks and mountains, fields and groves,
With wild, unbridled bound,
Finds fresher pasture than the bee,
On thymy bank, or vernal tree,
Intent to store her industry,
Within her waxen round?

Think'st thou the fountain forc'd to turn
Thro' marble vase, or sculptur'd urn,
Affords a sweeter draught,
Than that which in its native sphere,

Perennial, undisturb'd and clear,
Flows, the lone traveller's thirst to cheer,
And wake his grateful thought?

Think'st thou the man whose mansions hold
The worldling's pomp, and miser's gold,
Obtains a richer prize,
Than he who in his cot at rest,
Finds heavenly peace, a willing guest,
And bears the promise in his breast
Of treasure in the skies?

ON THE DEATH OF A SISTER WHILE ABSENT AT SCHOOL.*

SWEET Sister! is it so? And shall I see
Thy face on earth no more? And didst thou breathe
The last sad pang of agonising life
Upon a stranger's pillow? No kind hand,
Of parent or of kindred near, to press
Thy throbbing temples, when the shuddering dew
Stood thick upon them? And they say my name
Hung on thy lips 'mid the chill, parting strife.
Ah!—those were hallowed memories that could stir
Thy bosom thus in death. The tender song
Of cradle-nurture—the low, lisping prayer,
Learned at our mother's knee—the childish sport,
The gift divided, and the parted cake—
Our walk to school amid the dewy grass—
Our sweet flower-gatherings—all those cloudless hours
Together shared, did wake a love so strong
That Time must yield it to Eternity
For its full crown. Would it had been my lot
But with one weeping prayer to gird thy heart

* Written at the request of her bereaved brother.

For its last conflict. Would that I had seen
That peaceful smile which Death did leave thy clay
After his conquest o'er it. But the turf
On thy lone grave was trodden, while I deemed
Thee meekly musing o'er the classic page,
Loving and loved, amid the studious band
As erst I left thee.

Sister!—toils and ills
Henceforth are past—for knowledge without pain,
A free translucent, everlasting tide,
O'erflows thy spirit. Thou no more hast need
Of man's protecting arm, for thou may'st lean
On His unchanging throne who was thy trust,
Even from thine early days.

'Tis well! 'tis well!
Saviour of souls! I thank thee for her bliss.

THE RIGHTEOUS DEAD

Yon pilgrim see, in vestments gray,
Whose bleeding feet bedew his way,
O'er arid sands, with want opprest,
Who, toiling, knows no place of rest:
Mourn ye, because the long-sought shrine
He clasps in ecstacy divine,
And lays his load of sin and gloom
Repentant on a Saviour's tomb?
—Behold yon ship, with wrecking form
Her proud masts quivering to the storm,
Rude winds and waves with headlong force
Impel her on her dangerous course;
The pallid crew their hope resign,
And powerless view the surging brine:
Mourn ye, because the tempest dies,
And in the haven moor'd she lies?
—Emerging from the field of strife
Where slaughter'd thousands waste their life,
Yon warrior see, with gushing veins,
Who scarce his frantic steed restrains;

The death-mist swims before his eyes
As toward the well known spot he flies,
Where every fond affection lies.
Mourn ye, because to home restor'd,
Woman's white arms enwrap her lord,
And tears and smiles with varying grace
Fleet o'er his cherub children's face?
—Yet on his path of toil and woe,
The pilgrim from his shrine must go,
The ship amid the billows strain,
The warrior seek the war again:
But he, whose form to death has bow'd,
Whose spirit cleaves the ethereal cloud,
From him hath change and sorrow fled,
—Why mourn ye, then, the righteous dead?

JOY IN BELIEVING.

"God desireth to have no slaves in his family."—Rev. Dr. Hawes.

Man asketh homage. When his foot doth stand
On earth's high places, he exacteth fear
From those who serve him. His proud spirit loves
The quick observance of an abject eye
And cowering brow. His dignity, he deems,
Demands such aliment—and he doth show
Its evanescence, by the food he seeks
To give it nutriment. Yea, more than this—
He o'er his brother rules, with scourge and chain,
Treading out Nature's charities, till life
To madness tortur'd, or in misery crush'd,
Goes, an accusing spirit, back to God.
—But He, the Eternal Ruler, willeth not
The slavery of the soul. His claim is love,
A filial spirit, and a song of praise.
It doth not please him, that his servants wear

The livery of mourning. Peace is sown
Along their pilgrim path—and holy hopes
Like birds of Paradise, do sweetly pour
Melodious measures—and a glorious faith
Springs up o'er Jordan's wave. Say, is it meet
For those who wear a Saviour's badge, to sigh
In heathen heaviness, when earthly joys
Quench their brief taper? or go shrinking down
As to a dungeon, when the gate of Death
Opes its low valve, to show the shining track
Up to an angel's heritage of bliss?

INDIAN GIRL'S BURIAL.

"In the vicinity of Montrose, Wisconsin Territory, the only daughter of an Indian woman of the Sac tribe, died of lingering consumption, at the age of eighteen. A few of her own race, and a few of the pale-faces were at the grave, but none wept, save the poor mother."—HERALD OF THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI.

A voice upon the prairies
A cry of woman's woe,
That mingleth with the autumn blast
All fitfully and low;
It is a mother's wailing;
Hath earth another tone
Like that with which a mother mourns
Her lost, her only one?

Pale faces gather round her,
They mark'd the storm swell high
That rends and wrecks the tossing soul,
But their cold, blue eyes are dry.

Pale faces gaze upon her,
As the wild winds caught her moan,
But she was an Indian mother,
So she wept her tears alone.

Long o'er that wasted idol,
She watch'd, and toil'd, and pray'd,
Though every dreary dawn reveal'd
Some ravage Death had made,
Till the fleshless sinews started,
And hope no opiate gave,
And hoarse, and hollow grew her voice,
An echo from the grave.

She was a gentle creature,
Of raven eye and tress,
And dove-like were the tones that breath'd
Her bosom's tenderness,
Save when some quick emotion,
The warm blood strongly sent,
To revel in her olive-cheek
So richly eloquent.

I said Consumption smote her,
And the healer's art was vain,
But she was an Indian maiden,
So none deplor'd her pain;

None, save that widow'd mother,
Who now by her open tomb,
Is writhing like the smitten wretch
Whom judgment marks for doom.

Alas! that lowly cabin,
That bed beside the wall,
That seat beneath the mantling vine,
They're lone and empty all.
What hand shall pluck the tall, green corn
That ripeneth on the plain?
Since she for whom the board was spread
Must ne'er return again.

Rest, rest, thou Indian maiden,
Nor let thy murmuring shade
Grieve that those pale-brow'd ones with scorn
Thy burial rite survey'd;
There's many a king whose funeral
A black-rob'd realm shall see,
For whom no tear of grief is shed
Like that which falls for thee.

Yea, rest thee, forest maiden!
Beneath thy native tree;
The proud may boast their little day
Then sink to dust like thee:

But there's many a one whose funeral
With nodding plumes may be,
Whom nature nor affection mourn,
As here they mourn for thee.

THE LOST DARLING.

—•—

She was my idol. Night and day, to scan
The fine expansion of her form, and mark
The unfolding mind, like vernal rose-bud, start
To sudden beauty, was my chief delight.
To find her fairy footsteps following mine,
Her hand upon my garments, or her lip
Long sealed to mine, and in the watch of night
The quiet breath of innocence to feel
Soft on my cheek, was such a full content
Of happiness, as none but mothers know.

Her voice was like some tiny harp that yields
To the slight fingered breeze, and as it held
Brief converse with her doll, or playful soothed
The moaning kitten, or with patient care
Conned o'er the alphabet—but most of all,
Its tender cadence in her evening prayer
Thrilled on the ear like some ethereal tone
Heard in sweet dreams.

But now alone I sit,
Musing of her, and dew with mournful tears

Her little robes, that once with woman's pride
I wrought, as if there were a need to deck
What God hath made so beautiful. I start,
Half fancying from her empty crib there comes
A restless sound, and breathe the accustomed words
"Hush! Hush thee, dearest." Then I bend and weep--
As though it were a sin to speak to one
Whose home is with the angels.

Gone to God!

And yet I wish I had not seen the pang
That wrung her features, nor the ghastly white
Settling around her lips. I would that Heaven
Had taken its own, like some transplanted flower
Blooming in all its freshness.

Gone to God!

Be still, my heart! what could a mother's prayer,
In all the wildest ecstacies of hope,
Ask for its darling like the bliss of Heaven?

BARZILLAI THE GILEADITE.

"Let me be buried by the grave of my father and of my mother."
2 Samuel, xix., 37.

Son of Jesse!—let me go,
Why should princely honors stay me?—
Where the streams of Gilead flow,
Where the light first met mine eye,
Thither would I turn and die;—
Where my parent's ashes lie,
King of Israel!—bid them lay me.

Bury me near my sire revered,
Whose feet in righteous paths so firmly trod,
Who early taught my soul with awe
To heed the Prophets and the Law,
And to my infant heart appeared
Majestic as a God:—
Oh! when his sacred dust
The cerements of the tomb shall burst,

Might I be worthy at his feet to rise,
To yonder blissful skies,
Where angel-hosts resplendent shine,
Jehovah!—Lord of Hosts, the glory shall be thine.

Cold age upon my breast
Hath shed a frost like death,
The wine-cup hath no zest,
The rose no fragrant breath;
Music from my ear hath fled,
Yet still one sweet tone lingereth there,
The blessing that my mother shed
Upon my evening prayer.
Dim is my wasted eye
To all that beauty brings,
The brow of grace—the form of symmetry
Are half-forgotten things;—
Yet one bright hue is vivid still,
A mother's holy smile, that soothed my sharpest ill.

Memory, with traitor-tread
Methinks, doth steal away
Treasures that the mind had laid
Up for a wintry day.
Images of sacred power,
Cherished deep in passion's hour,
Faintly now my bosom stir,
Good and evil like a dream

Half obscured and shadowy seem,
Yet with a changeless love my soul remembereth her,
Yea—it remembereth her:
Close by her blessed side, make ye my sepulchre.

TO THE MEMORY OF A YOUNG LADY.

—•—

Brilliant and beautiful!—And can it be
That in thy radiant eye there dwells no light—
Upon thy lips no sound?—I little deemed
At our last parting, when thy cheering voice
Breathed the soul's harmony, what shadowy form
Then rose between us, and with icy dart
Wrote, "Ye shall meet no more." I little deemed
That thy elastic step, Death's darkened vale
Would tread before me.

Friend, I shrink to say
Farewell to thee. In youth's unclouded morn,
We gaze on friendship as a graceful flower,
And win it for our pleasure, or our pride.
But when the stern realities of life
Do clip the wings of fancy, and cold storms
Rack the worn cordage of the heart, it breathes
A healing essence, and a strengthening charm,
Next to the hope of heaven. Such was thy love,
Departed and deplored. Talents were thine,
Lofty and bright, the subtle shaft of wit,

And that keen glance of intellect which reads,
Intuitive, the deep and mazy springs
Of human action. Yet such meek regard
For other's feelings, such a simple grace
And singleness of purpose, such respect
To woman's noiseless duties, sweetly bow'd,
And tempered those high gifts, that every heart,
Which feared their splendor, loved their goodness too.
I see thy home of birth. Its pleasant halls
Put on the garb of mourning. Sad and lone
Are they who nursed thy virtues, and beheld
Their bright expansion through each ripening year.
To them the sacred name of daughter, blent
All images of comforter and friend,
The fire-side charmer, and the nurse of pain,
Eyes to the blind, and, to the weary, wings.
What shall console their sorrow, when young morn
Upriseth in its beauty, but no smile
Of filial love doth mark it?—or when eve
Sinks down in silence, and that tuneful tone,
So long the treasure of their listening heart,
Uttereth no music?

Ah!—so frail are we—
So like the brief ephemeron that wheels
Its momentary round, we scarce can weep
Our own bereavements, ere we haste to share
The clay with those we mourn. A narrow point
Divides our grief-sob from our pang of death:

Down to the mouldering multitude we go,
And all our anxious thoughts, our fevered hopes,
The sorrowing burdens of our pilgrimage
In deep oblivion rest.
Then let the woes
And joys of earth be to the deathless soul
Like the spent dew-drop from the eagle's wing,
When, waking in his strength, he sunward soars.

THE WAR SPIRIT

War-spirit! war-spirit! how gorgeous thy path,
Pale earth shrinks with fear from thy chariot of wrath:
The king at thy beckoning comes down from his throne,
To the conflict of fate the armed nations rush on,
With the trampling of steeds, and the trumpet's wild cry,
While the fold of their banners gleams bright o'er the sky

Thy glories are sought till the life-throb is o'er,
Thy laurels pursued, though they blossom in gore;
'Mid the ruins of columns and temples sublime,
The arch of the hero doth grapple with time,
The muse o'er thy form throws her tissue divine,
And history her annal emblazons with thine.

War-spirit! war-spirit! thy secrets are known,
I have looked on the field when the battle was done—
The mangled and slain in their misery lay,
And the vulture was shrieking and watching his prey;
But the heart's gush of sorrow, how hopeless and sore,
In the homes that those loved ones revisit no more.

I have traced out thy march by its features of pain,
While famine and pestilence stalked in thy train,
And the trophies of sin did thy victory swell,
And thy breath on the soul was the plague-spot of hell;
Death lauded thy deeds, and in letters of flame
The realm of perdition recorded thy name.

War spirit! war spirit! go down to thy place,
With the demons that thrive on the woe of our race;
Call back thy strong legions of madness and pride,
Bid the rivers of blood thou hast opened be dried—
Let thy league with the grave and Aceldama cease,
And yield the torn world to the angel of peace.

DEATH AMONG THE TREES.

Death walketh in the forest.
The tall pines
Do woo the lightning-flash, and through their veins
The fire-shaft, darting, leaves their blackened trunks
A tablet, for ambition's sons to read
Their destiny. The oak that centuries spared,
Grows gray at last, and, like some time-worn man
Stretching out palsied arms, doth feebly cope
With the destroyer, while its gnarled roots
Betray their trust. The towering elm turns pale,
And faintly strews the sere and yellow leaf,
While from its dead arms falls the wedded vine.
The sycamore uplifts a beacon brow,
Denuded of its honors, and the blast,
Swaying the withered willow, rudely asks
For its lost grace, and for its tissued leaf,
With silver lined.
I knew that blight might check
The sapling, ere kind Nature's hand could weave
Its first spring-coronal, and that the worm,
Coiling itself amid our garden plants,

Did make their unborn buds its sepulchre.
And well I know how wild and wrecking winds
Might take the forest-monarchs by the crown,
And lay them with the lowliest vassal-herb;
And that the axe, with its sharp ministry,
Might, in one hour, such revolution work,
As all Earth's boasted power could never hope
To reinstate. And I had seen the flame
Go crackling up, amid yon verdant boughs,
And with a tyrant's insolence dissolve
Their interlacing, till I felt that man,
For sordid gain, would make the forest's pomp,
Its heaven-raised arch and living tracery,
One funeral-pyre.

But, yet I did not deem
That pale Disease amid those shades would steal
As to a sickly maiden's cheek, and waste
The power and plenitude of those high ranks,
Which in their peerage and nobility,
Unrivalled and unchronicled, had reigned.

And so I said, if in this world of knells
And open tombs, there lingereth one whose dream
Is of aught permanent below the skies,
Even let him come and muse among the trees,
For they shall be his teachers; they shall bow
To Wisdom's lessons his forgetful ear,
And, by the whisper of their faded leaves,
Soften to his sad heart the thought of death.

RADIANT CLOUDS AT SUNSET.

Bright Clouds! ye are gathering one by one,
Ye are sweeping in pomp round the dying sun,
With crimson banner, and golden pall,
Like a host to their chieftain's funeral;
Perchance ye tread to that hallowed spot,
With a muffled dirge, though we hear it not.

But methinks ye tower with a lordlier crest,
And a richer robe as he sinks to rest;
Not thus, in the day of his pride and wrath,
Did ye dare to press on his glorious path,
At his noontide glance ye have quaked with fear,
And hasted to hide in your misty sphere.

Do you say he is dead?—You exult in vain,
With your rainbow tint and your swelling train:
He shall rise again with his strong bright ray,
He shall reign in power when you fade away,
When ye darkly cower in your vapory hall,
Tintless, and naked, and noteless all.

The Soul!—The Soul!—with its eye of fire,
Thus, thus shall it soar when its foes expire,
It shall spread its wing o'er the ills that pained,
The evils that shadowed, the sins that stained;
It shall dwell where no rushing cloud hath sway,
And the pageants of earth shall have melted away.

THE BURMANS AND THEIR MISSIONARY.

"Are you Jesus Christ's man? Give us a writing that tells about Jesus Christ."—Letter of Rev. Dr. Judson.

There is a cry in Burmah, and a rush
Of thousand footsteps from the distant bound
Of watery Siam, and the rich Cathay.
From the far northern frontier, pilgrims meet
The central dwellers in the forest-shades,
And on they press together. Eager hope
Sits in their eye, and on their lips the warmth
Of strong request. Is it for bread they seek,
Like the dense multitude, which, fainting, hung
Upon the Saviour's words, till the third day
Closed in, and left them hungering?
Not for food
Or raiment ask they. Simply girding on
The scanty garment o'er the weary limb,
They pass unmarked, the lofty domes of wealth

Inquiring for a stranger. There he stands;
The mark of foreign climes is on his brow;
He hath no power, no costly gifts to deal
Among the people, and his lore perchance
The earth-bowed worldling with his scales of gold,
Accounteth folly. Yet to him is raised
Each straining eye-ball, "Tell us of the Christ!"
And like the far-off murmur of the sea
Lashed by the tempest, swells their blended tone,
"Yea. Tell us of the Christ. Give us a scroll
Bearing his name."
And there the teacher stood,
Far from his native land—amid the graves
Of his lost infants, and of her he loved
More than his life.—Yes, there he stood alone,
And with a simple, saint-like eloquence
Spake his Redeemer's word. Forgot were all—
Home, boyhood, christian-fellowship—the tone
Of his sweet babes—his partner's dying strife—
Chains, perils, Burman dungeons, all forgot,
Save the deep danger of the heathen's soul,
And God's salvation. And methought that earth
In all she vaunts of majesty, or tricks
With silk and purple, or the baubled pride
Of throne and sceptre, or the blood-red pomp,
Of the stern hero, had not aught to boast
So truly great, so touching, so sublime,

As that lone Missionary, shaking off
All links and films and trappings of the world,
And in his chastened nakedness of soul
Rising to bear the embassy of Heaven.

THE DEAD HORSEMAN.

Occasioned by reading the manner of conveying a young man to burial, in the mountainous region about Vettie's Giel, in Norway.

Who's riding o'er the Giel so fast,
'Mid the crags of Utledale?
He heeds not cold, nor storm, nor blast;
But his cheek is deadly pale.

A fringe of pearl from his eye-lash long,
Stern Winter's hand hath hung;
And his sinewy arm looks bold and strong,
Though his brow is smooth and young.

Round his marble forehead, in clusters bright,
Is wreathed his golden hair;
His robe is of linen, long and white,
Though a mantle of fur scarce could 'bide the blight
Of his keen and frosty air.

God speed thee now, thou horseman bold!
For the tempest awakes in wrath;
And thy stony eye is fixed and cold
As the glass of thine icy path.

Down, down the precipice wild he breaks,
Where the foaming waters roar;
And his way up the cliff of the mountain takes,
Where man never trod before.

No checking hand to the rein he lends,
On slippery summits sheen;
But ever and aye his head he bends
At the plunge in some dark ravine.

Dost thou bow in prayer, to the God who guides
Thy course o'er such pavement frail?
Or nod in thy dream on the steep, where glides
The curdling brook, with its slippery tides,
Thou horseman, so young and pale?

Swift, swift o'er the breast of the frozen streams,
Toward Lyster-Church he hies—
Whose holy spire 'mid the glaciers gleams,
Like a star in troubled skies.

Now stay, thou ghostly traveller—stay,
Why haste in such mad career?

Be the guilt of thy bosom as dark as it may,
'Twere better to purge it here.

On, on! like the winged blast he wends,
Where moulder the bones of the dead—
Wilt thou stir the sleep of thy buried friends,
With thy courser's tramping tread?

At a yawning pit, whose narrow brink,
'Mid the swollen snow was grooved,
He paused. The steed from that chasm did shrink
But the rider sate unmoved.

Then down at once, from his lonely seat,
They lifted the horseman pale,
And laid him low in that drear retreat
And poured in dirge-like measure sweet,
The mournful funeral wail.

Bold youth! whose bosom with pride had glowed
In a life of toil severe—
Didst thou scorn to pass to thy last abode
In the ease of the slothful bier?

Must thy own good steed, which thy hands had drest,
In the fulness of boyhood's bliss,
By the load of thy lifeless limbs be prest,
On a journey so strange as this?

Yet still to the depth of yon rock-barred dell,
Where no ray from heaven hath glowed,
Where the thundering rush of the Markefoss fell,
The trembling child doth point and tell
How that fearful horseman rode.

THE LONELY CHURCH.

It stood among the chestnuts, its white spire
And slender turrets pointing where man's heart
Should oftener turn. Up went the wooded cliffs,
Abruptly beautiful, above its head,
Shutting with verdant screen the waters out,
That just beyond in deep sequestered vale
Wrought out their rocky passage. Clustering roofs
And varying sounds of village industry
Swelled from its margin, while the busy loom,
Replete with radiant fabrics, told the skill
Of the prompt artisan.

But all around
The solitary dell, where meekly rose
That consecrated church, there was no voice
Save what still Nature in her worship breathes,
And that unspoken lore with which the dead
Do commune with the living. There they lay,
Each in his grassy tenement, the sire
Of many winters, and the noteless babe
Over whose empty cradle, night by night,

Sate the poor mother mourning, in her tears
Forgetting what a little span of time
Did hold her from her darling. And methought,
How sweet it were, so near the sacred house
Where we had heard of Christ, and taken his yoke,
And Sabbath after Sabbath gathered strength
To do his will, thus to lie down and rest,
Close 'neath the shadow of its peaceful walls;
And when the hand doth moulder, to lift up
Our simple tomb-stone witness to that faith
Which cannot die.

Heaven bless thee, Lonely Church!
And daily may'st thou warn a pilgrim-band,
From toil, from cumbrance, and from strife to flee.
And drink the waters of eternal life:
Still in sweet fellowship with trees and skies,
Friend both of earth and heaven, devoutly stand
To guide the living and to guard the dead.

THE HEART OF THE BRUCE.

"When he found his end drew nigh, that great king summoned his barons and peers around him, and, singling out the good Lord James of Douglas, fondly entreated him, as his old friend and companion in arms, to cause his heart to be taken from his body, after death, and to transport it to Palestine, in redemption of a vow which he had made to go thither in person."—SIR WALTER SCOTT'S HISTORY OF SCOTLAND.

KING ROBERT bore with gasping breath
The strife of mortal pain,
And, gathering round the couch of death,
His nobles mourned in vain.
Bathed were his brows in chilling dew,
As thus he faintly cried,—
"Red Comyn, in his sins, I slew
At the high altar's side.

"For this a vow my soul hath bound,
In armed lists to ride,

A warrior to that Holy Ground
Where my Redeemer died.
Lord James of Douglas, see, we part!
I die before my time;
I charge thee bear this pulseless heart
A pilgrim to that clime."

He ceased, for lo! in close pursuit,
With fierce and fatal strife,
Death came, and crush'd with icy foot
The brittle lamp of life.
The brave Earl Douglas, trained to meet
Dangers and perils wild,
Now, kneeling at his sovereign's feet,
Wept as a weaned child.

Beneath Dunfermline's hallowed nave,
Enwrapt in cloth of gold,
The Bruce's relics found a grave
Deep in their native mould;
But locked within its silver vase,
Next to Lord James' breast,
His heart went journeying on apace,
In Palestine to rest.

While many a noble Scottish knight,
With sable shield and plume,

Rode as its guard in armor bright,
To bless their Saviour's tomb.
As on the scenery of Spain
They bent a traveller's eye,
Forth came, in bold and glorious train,
Her flower of chivalry.

Led by Alphonso 'gainst the Moor,
They came in proud array,
And set their serried phalanx sure
To bide the battle-fray.
"God save ye now, ye gallant band
Of Scottish warriors true;
Good service for the Holy Land
Ye on this field may do."

So with the cavalry of Spain
In brother's grasp they closed,
And the grim Saracen in vain
Their blended might opposed;
But Douglas, with his falcon-glance,
O'erlooking crest and spear,
Saw brave St. Clair with broken lance,—
That friend from childhood dear.

He saw him by a thousand foes
Opprest and overborne,

And high the blast of rescue rose
From his good bugle-horn;
And, reckless of the Moorish spears,
In bristling ranks around,
His monarch's heart, oft steeped in tears,
He from his neck unbound,

And flung it toward the battle front,
And cried, with panting breath,
"Pass first, my liege, as thou wert wont,—
I follow thee to death."
Stern Osmyn's sword was dire that day,
And keen the Moorish dart,
And there Earl Douglas bleeding lay
Beside the Bruce's heart.

Embalmed with Scotland's flowing tears,
That peerless champion fell,
And still the lyre, to future years,
His glorious deeds shall tell.
The "good Lord James," that honored name,
Each Scottish babe shall call,
And all who love the Bruce's fame
Deplore the Douglas' fall.

WINTER.

I DEEM thee not unlovely, though thou com'st
With a stern visage. To the tuneful bird,
The blushing flowret, the rejoicing stream,
Thy discipline is harsh. But unto man
Methinks thou hast a kindlier ministry.
Thy lengthened eve is full of fireside joys,
And deathless linking of warm heart to heart,
So that the hoarse storm passeth by unheard.
Earth, robed in white, a peaceful Sabbath holds,
And keepeth silence at her Maker's feet.
She ceaseth from the harrowing of the plough,
And from the harvest-shouting.
Man should rest
Thus from his fevered passions, and exhale
The unbreathed carbon of his festering thought,
And drink in holy health. As the toss'd bark
Doth seek the shelter of some quiet bay
To trim its shattered cordage, and restore
Its riven sails—so should the toil-worn mind
Refit for time's rough voyage. Man, perchance,

Soured by the world's sharp commerce, or impaired
By the wild wanderings of his summer way,
Turns like a truant scholar to his home,
And yields his nature to sweet influences
That purify and save.

The ruddy boy
Comes with his shouting school-mates from their sport,
On the smooth, frozen lake, as the first star
Hangs, pure and cold, its twinkling cresset forth,
And throwing off his skates with boisterous glee,
Hastes to his mother's side. Her tender hand
Doth shake the snow-flakes from his glossy curls,
And draw him nearer, and with gentle voice
Ask of his lessons, while her lifted heart
Solicits silently the Sire of Heaven
To "bless the lad." The timid infant learns
Better to love its sire—and longer sits
Upon his knee, and with a velvet lip
Prints on his brow such language, as the tongue
Hath never spoken.

Come thou to life's feast
With dove-eyed meekness, and bland charity,
And thou shalt find even Winter's rugged blast
The minstrel teacher of thy well-tuned soul:
And when the last drop of its cup is drained—
Arising with a song of praise—go up
To the eternal banquet.

FAREWELL TO AN ANCIENT CHURCH

—•—

Farewell, thou consecrated dome,
Whence prayer and chant and anthem rose,
Whose walls have given meek Hope a home,
And tearful Penitence, repose.

Here gathered round their shepherd-guide,
A flock, to the Redeemer dear,
While praise in full, responsive tide,
Soared heavenward, to its native sphere.

Here at this altar's hallowed side,
Oft was the bond of deathless love
Sealed by the kneeling, trembling bride—
Where is that bride? Perchance above.

The mother here her infant drew,
Unscathed by sin or sorrow's rod,
To win the pure, baptismal dew—
Where is that mother? Ask of God.

And duly here has childhood's train
Bowed to Instruction's mildest sway:
But were those ceaseless lessons vain?
The page of doom alone can say.

Here many a brow in beauty's prime
Hath faded, like the rose-tinged cloud,
And many a head grown white with time,
That towered in manhood's glory proud.

Oh! if from yon celestial place,
Bright bands regard a world like this,
Here many a sainted soul may trace
The birth-place of its boundless bliss.

With tenderest recollections fraught,
How do these parting moments swell!
Thou ancient nurse of holy thought,
Dear, venerated dome, farewell!

BENEVOLENCE.

"The silver is mine, and the gold is mine—saith the Lord of Hosts."
HAGGAI, II. 8.

WHOSE is the gold that glitters in the mine?
And whose the silver? Are they not the Lord's?
And lo! the cattle on a thousand hills,
And the broad earth with all her gushing springs,
Are they not his who made them?
Ye who hold
Slight tenantry therein, and call your lands
By your own names, and lock your gathered gold
From him who in his bleeding Saviour's name
Doth ask a part, whose shall those riches be
When, like the grass-blade from the autumn-frost,
You fall away?
Point out to me the forms
That in your treasure-chambers shall enact
Glad mastership, and revel where you toiled

Sleepless and stern. Strange faces are they all.

Oh man! whose wrinkling labor is for heirs
Thou knowest not who, thou in thy mouldering bed,
Unkenned, unchronicled of them, shalt sleep;
Nor will they thank thee, that thou didst bereave
Thy soul of good for them.
Now, thou mayest give
The famished food, the prisoner liberty,
Light to the darkened mind, to the lost soul
A place in heaven. Take thou the privilege
With solemn gratitude. Speck as thou art
Upon earth's surface, gloriously exult
To be co-worker with the King of kings.

APPEAL OF THE BLIND.

TO BE SUNG AT AN EXHIBITION OF BLIND BOYS.

—♦—

Ye see the glorious sun,
The varied landscape light,
The moon with all her starry train,
Illume the arch of night,
Bright tree, and bird, and flower
That deck your joyous way,
The face of kindred and of friend,
More fair, more dear than they.

For us there glows no sun,
No green and flowery lawn;
Our rayless darkness hath no moon.
Our midnight knows no dawn;
The parent's pitying eye,
To all our sorrows true,
The brother's brow, the sister's smile,
Have never met our view.

Still there's a lamp within,
That knowledge fain would light.
And pure Religion's radiance touch
With beams for ever bright,
Say, shall it rise to share
Such radiance full and free?
And will ye keep a Saviour's charge
And cause the blind to see?

EVENING BY THE SEA-SHORE.

When fervid summer crisps the shrinking nerve,
And every prismed rock doth catch the ray
As in a burning glass, 'tis wise to seek
This city of the wave. For here the dews
With which Hygeia feeds the flower of life
Are ever freshening in their secret founts.
Here may'st thou talk with the ocean, and no ear
Of gossip islet on thy words shall feed.
Send thy free thought upon the winged winds,
That sweep the castles of an older world,
And what shall bar it from their ivied heights?

—'Tis well to talk with Ocean. Man may cast
His pearl of language on unstable hearts,
And, thriftless sower! reap the winds again.
But thou, all-conquering element, dost grave
Strong characters upon the eternal rock,
Furrowing the brow that holdeth speech with thee.
Musing beneath yon awful cliffs, the soul,
That brief shell-gatherer on the shores of time,

Feels as a brother to the drop that hangs
One moment trembling on thy crest, and sinks
Into the bosom of the boundless wave.

—And see, outspreading her broad, silver scroll
Forth comes the moon, that meek ambassador,
Bearing Heaven's message to the mighty surge.
Yet he, who listeneth to its hoarse reply,
Echoing in anger through the channel'd depths
Will deem its language all too arrogant,
And earth's best dialect too poor to claim
Benignant notice from the star-pav'd skies,
And man too pitiful to lift himself
In the frail armour of his moth-crush'd pride,
Amid o'ershadowing nature's majesty.

THE MOTHER.

"It may be Autumn, yea Winter with the woman—but with the *mother, as a mother*, it is always Spring."—SERMON OF THE REV. THOMAS COBBETT, AT LYNN, 1665.

I saw an aged woman bow
To weariness and care,
Time wrote his sorrows on her brow
And 'mid her frosted hair.

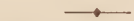
Hope, from her breast had torn away
Its rooting, scathed and dry,
And on the pleasures of the gay
She turned a joyless eye.

What was it that like sunbeam clear
O'er her wan features run,
As pressing towards her deafened ear
I named her absent son?

What was it! Ask a mother's breast
Through which a fountain flows
Perennial, fathomless and blest,
By winter never froze.

What was it? Ask the King of kings,
Who hath decreed, above,
That change should mark all earthly things,
Except a mother's love.

THE WIDOW OF ZAREPHATH.



There fell no rain on Israel. The sad trees,
Reft of their coronals, and the crisp vines,
And flowers whose dewless bosoms sought the dust,
Mourned the long drought. The miserable herds
Pined on, and perished 'mid the scorching fields;
And near the vanished fountains where they used
Freely to slake their thirst, the moaning flocks
Laid their parched mouths and died.
A holy man,
Who saw high visions of unuttered things,
Dwelt, in deep-musing solitude, apart
Upon the banks of Cherith. Dark winged birds,
Intractable and fierce, were strangely moved
To shun the hoarse cries of their callow brood,
And night and morning lay their gathered spoils
Down at his feet. So, of the brook he drank,
Till pitiless suns exhaled that slender rill
Which, singing, used to glide to Jordan's breast.
Then warned of God, he rose and went his way

Unto the coast of Zidon. Near the gates
Of Zarephath he marked a lowly cell,
Where a pale, drooping widow in the depth
Of desolate and hopeless poverty,
Prepared the last scant morsel for her son,
That he might eat and die.
The man of God.
Entering, requested food. Whether that germ
Of self-denying fortitude, which stirs
Sometimes in woman's soul, and nerves it strong
For life's severe and unapplauded tasks,
Sprang up at his appeal—or whether He
Who ruled the ravens, wrought within her heart,
I cannot say; but to the stranger's hand
She gave the bread. Then, round the famished boy
Clasping her widowed arms, she strained him close
To her wan bosom, while his hollow eye
Wondering and wistfully regarded her,
With ill-subdued reproach.
But blessings fell
From the majestic guest, and every morn
The empty store which she had wept at eve,
Mysteriously replenished, woke the joy
That ancient Israel felt, when round their camp
The manna lay like dew. Thus many days
They fed, and the poor famine-stricken boy
Looked up with a clear eye, while vigorous health

Flushed with unwonted crimson his pure cheek,
And bade the fair flesh o'er his wasted limbs
Come like a garment. The lone widow mused
On her changed lot, yet to Jehovah's name
Gave not the praise; but when the silent moon
Moved forth all radiant, on her star-girt throne,
Uttered a heathen's gratitude, and hailed,
In the deep chorus of Zidonian song,
"Astarte, queen of Heaven!"

But then there came
A day of woe. That gentle boy, in whom
His mother lived, for whom alone she deemed
Time's weary heritage a blessing, died.
Wildly the tides of passionate grief broke forth,
And on the prophet of the Lord, her lip
Called with indignant frenzy. So he came,
And from her bosom took the breathless clay
And bore it to his chamber. There he knelt
In supplication that the dead might live.
He rose, and looked upon the child. His cheek
Of marble meekly on the pillow lay,
While round his polished forehead, the bright curls
Clustered redundantly. So sweetly slept
Beauty and innocence in Death's embrace.
It seemed a mournful thing to waken them.

Another prayer arose—and he, whose faith
Had power o'er nature's elements, to seal

The dripping cloud, to wield the lightning's dart,
And soon, from Death escaping, was to soar
On car of flame up to the throne of God,
Long, long, with laboring breast, and lifted eyes,
Solicited in anguish. On the dead
Once more the prophet gazed. A rigor seemed
To settle on those features, and the hand,
In its immovable coldness, told how firm
Was the dire grasp of the insatiate grave.
The awful seer laid down his humbled lip
Low in the dust, and his whole being seemed
With concentrated agony to pour
Forth in one agonizing, voiceless strife
Of intercession. Who shall dare to set
Limits to prayer, since it hath entered Heaven!
And won a spirit down to its dense robe
Of earth again?

Look! look, upon the boy!
There was a trembling of the parted lip,
A sob—a shiver—from the half-sealed eye
A flash like morning—and the soul came back
To its frail tenement.

The prophet raised
The renovated child, and on that breast
Which gave the life-stream of its infancy
Laid the fair head once more.

If ye would know
Aught of that wildering trance of ecstasy,

Go ask a mother's heart, but question not
So poor a thing as language. Yet the soul
Of her of Zarephath, in that blest hour,
Believed—and with the kindling glow of faith
Turned from vain idols to the living God.

DIVINE GOODNESS.

"Thy mercies are new every morning and fresh every moment.'
DAVID.

OH Thou, who bounteous to their need,
Dost all earth's thronging pilgrims feed,
Dost bid for them, in every clime,
The pregnant harvest know its time,
The flocks in verdant pastures dwell,
The corn aspire, the olive swell,
Fain would we bless that sleepless Eye,
That doth our hourly wants descry.
—Thou pour'st us from the nested grove,
The minstrel melody of love.
Thou giv'st us of the fruitage fair
That summer's ardent suns prepare,
Of honey from the rock that flows,
And of the perfume of the rose,
And of the breeze whose balm repairs

The sick'ning waste of toil and cares.
—And though, perchance, the ingrate knee
Bends not in praise, or prayer to thee,
Though Sin that stole with traitor-sway
Even Peter's loyalty away,
May strongly weave its seven-fold snare,
And bring dejection and despair;
Yet not the morn with cheering eye
More duly lights the expecting sky,
Nor surer speeds on pinion light
Each measur'd moment's trackless flight,
Than comes thy mercy's kind embrace
To feeble man's forgetful race.

'TWAS BUT A BABE.

I ASKED them why the verdant turf was riven
From its young rooting; and with silent lip
They pointed to a new-made chasm among
The marble-pillared mansions of the dead.
Who goeth to his rest in yon damp couch?
The tearless crowd pass'd on—"'twas but a babe."
A babe!—and poise ye, in the rigid scales
Of calculation, the fond bosom's wealth?
Rating its priceless idols as ye weigh
Such merchandise as moth and rust corrupt
Or the rude robber steals? Ye mete out grief,
Perchance, when youth, maturity or age,
Sink in the thronging tomb; but when the breath
Grows icy on the lip of innocence
Repress your measured sympathies, and say
"'Twas but a babe."
What know ye of her love
Who patient watcheth, till the stars grow dim,
Over her drooping infant, with an eye
Bright as unchanging Hope, if his repose?
What know ye of her woe who sought no joy

More exquisite, than on his placid brow
To trace the glow of health, and drink at dawn
The angel-sweetness of his waking smile?
Go, ask that musing father, why yon grave,
So narrow, and so noteless, might not close
Without a tear?

And though his lip be mute,
Feeling the poverty of speech to give
Fit answer to thee, still his pallid brow,
And the deep agonising prayer that loads
Midnight's dark wing to Him, the God of strength,
May satisfy thy question.

Ye, who mourn
Whene'er yon vacant cradle, or the robes
That decked the lost one's form, call back a tide
Of alienated joy, can ye not trust
Your treasure to His arms, whose changeless care
Passeth a mother's love? Can ye not hope
When a few hasting years their course have run,
To go to him, though he no more on earth
Returns to you?

And when glad faith doth catch
Some echo of celestial harmonies,
Archangel's praises, with the high response
Of cherubim, and seraphim, oh think—
Think that your babe is there.

A MOTHER'S COUNSELS.

Daughter, the Book Divine,
To which we turn for aid,
When prosperous skies unclouded shine,
Or dark wing'd storms invade,
Is ever open to thine eye,
Imprint it on thy soul,
And wisdom that can never die
Shall thy young thoughts control.

Sweetest, the cheek of bloom,
Alas! how soon 'twill wear
The clay-cold coloring of the tomb:
Then while thine own is fair,
Low at his feet imploring fall,
Who loves the humble mind,
And whose high promise is, that all
Who early seek shall find.

Come, ere thy hand hath wove
The first, fresh wreaths of Spring,

Come, ere a worn and wither'd love
Is all thou hast to bring,
Remember thy Creator's power,
While life from care is free,
That when the days of darkness lower,
He may remember thee.

Yes, give thy heart to Him,
While budding Hope is green,
And when thy mother's eye is dim
To every earthly scene,
When this fond arm that circles thee
Must chill and powerless lie,
Our parting tear, the pledge shall be
Of union in the sky

THE VOLUNTEER.

Thou'lt go! Thou'lt go!
In vain, the stricken wife,
A poor unconscious infant in her arms,
And these young children, climbing to thy hand
Implore thy stay. Thine aged parents bend
In prayer, and sorrow. Hath the battle-field
Such charms for thee, that thou wilt tread on all
That love and nature give, and rush to reap
Its iron harvest?
Lo! you men,
Thy boon companions, 'neath the neighboring hedge
Do wait for thee. The vow hath past thy lips
And thou must go.
So, hence away, and share
Such pleasures, as thy chosen course may yield;
The stirring drum, the pomp of measur'd march,
The pride of uniform, the gazer's shout
Of admiration, the alternate rest
Of idleness in camps, and toil that wastes

The nerveless limb, and starts the sleepless eye.
Take too, the stormy joy of deadly strife,
Spill blood, and trample on the mangled form
And like a demon, drink the groans of pain.

Yet sometimes, when the midnight bowl is drained
And thou art tossing in thy broken dream,
Bethink thee, soldier, of a cottage home
All desolate, its drooping vines untrained,
Its wintry hearth unfed, and she, with cheek
As pale as penury and woe can make,
(Why dost thou start?) and her once blooming ones
Some at hard service, where their bitter bread
Is scantily doled out, and some who ask
Her shuddering heart, for what she cannot give.

—Still doth the vision open?
There are graves!
The white-hair'd father hath his rest in one,
And she, who died lamenting for the son
Who snatch'd the morsel from her feeble hand,
Nor sought her blessing when he went to war,
Sleeps in the other.
Dreamer! wake not yet.
Mar not the sequel. Toward the peaceful shades
Of his own village, comes a poor, lone man
Whom misery and vice have made their own.
His head is bandaged, and his swollen limbs

Drag heavily. He hath no threshold stone,
No friend to welcome.
Is this he who scorn'd
His heaven sworn duties, and his humble home,
And chose his pittance from the cannon's mouth?

BAPTISM OF THE FIRST BORN

"Come dearest, come, the Sabbath-bell
Hath almost rung its closing knell;
Give me our babe, and haste away,
With gladness on its christening day."
Yet still the youthful mother prest
Her first-born darling to her breast,
And, careful o'er the grassy way,
That 'tween the church and cottage lay,
The precious burden chose to take,
Scarce breathing, lest its sleep should break.
—And those were near, who well might say
How late, the gayest of the gay,
Her footstep in the dance was light.
Her eye, in mirthful revels bright,
And she, the fairest of the fair,
Elate with joy, and free from care.
But now, while holier thoughts prevail,
Her chasten'd beauty, lily-pale,
The fervor of the prayer that stole
In new devotion from her soul,

Gave higher charms to brow and cheek,
Such as an angel's love might speak.
Close in her steps, an aged pair,
With furrow'd face, and silver hair,
Press toward the font, intent to see
The honor done to infancy.

Oh, Grandsire! short the season seems,
An April day of showers and beams,
Since she, who totters by thy side,
Blush'd in her loveliness, a bride,
Since here, with hope's bright visions fraught
Thy consecrated babes were brought.
—The rite is o'er, the blessing said,
The first-born finds his cradle-bed;
Young Mother! prompt must be thy part
To pour instruction o'er his heart;
For scarce upon our infant eyes
The sprinkled dew of baptism dries,
Ere the thick frost of manhood's care,
And strong Death's icy seal are there.

"BLESSED ARE THE DEAD."

Come, gather to this burial-place, ye gay!
Ye, of the sparkling eye, and frolic brow,
I bid ye hither. She, who makes her bed
This day 'neath yon damp turf, with spring-flowers sown,
Was one of you. Time had not laid his hand
On tress or feature, stamping the drear lines
Of chill decay, till death had nought to do,
Save that slight office which the passing gale
Doth to the wasted taper. No,—her cheek
Shamed the young rose-bud; in her eye was light
By gladness kindled; in her footsteps grace;
Song on her lips; affections in her breast,
Like soft doves nesting. Yet, from all she turned,
All she forsook, unclasping her warm hand
From friendship's ardent pressure, with such smile
As if she were the gainer. To lie down
In this dark pit she cometh, dust to dust,
Ashes to ashes, till the glorious morn
Of resurrection. Wondering do you ask,—
Where is her blessedness? Go home, ye gay,

Go to your secret chambers, and kneel down,
And ask of God. Urge your request like him
Who, on the slight raft, 'mid the ocean's foam,
Toileth for life. And when ye win a hope
That the world gives not, and a faith divine,
Ye will no longer marvel how the friend,
So beautiful, so lov'd, so lured by all
The pageantry of earth, could meekly find
A blessedness in death.

BERNARDINE DU BORN.

King Henry sat upon his throne,
And full of wrath and scorn,
His eye a recreant knight surveyed—
Sir Bernardine du Born.
And he that haughty glance returned,
Like lion in his lair,
And loftily his unchanged brow
Gleamed through his crisped hair.

"Thou art a traitor to the realm,
Lord of a lawless band,
The bold in speech, the fierce in broil,
The troubler of our land;
Thy castles, and thy rebel-towers,
Are forfeit to the crown,
And thou beneath the Norman axe
Shalt end thy base renown.

"Deignest thou no word to bar thy doom,
Thou with strange madness fired?

Hath reason quite forsook thy breast?"
Plantagenet inquired.
Sir Bernard turned him toward the king
He blenched not in his pride;
"My reason failed, my gracious liege,
The year Prince Henry died."

Quick at that name a cloud of woe
Pass'd o'er the monarch's brow,
Touched was that bleeding cord of love
To which the mightiest bow.
Again swept back the tide of years,
Again his first-born moved,
The fair, the graceful, the sublime,
The erring, yet beloved.

And ever, cherished by his side,
One chosen friend was near,
To share in boyhood's ardent sport
Or youth's untamed career;
With him the merry chase he sought
Beneath the dewy morn,
With him in knightly tourney rode,
This Bernardine du Born.

Then in the mourning father's soul
Each trace of ire grew dim,

And what his buried idol loved
Seemed cleansed of guilt to him—
And faintly through his tears he spake,
"God send his grace to thee,
And for the dear sake of the dead,
Go forth—unscathed and free."

THE KNELL

A SILVER sound was on the summer-air,
And yet it was not music. The sweet birds
Went warbling wildly forth, from grove and dell,
Their thrilling harmonies; yet this low tone
Chimed not with them. But in the secret soul
There was a deep response, troubling the fount
Where bitter tears are born. Too well I knew
The tomb's prelusive melody. I turned,
And sought the house of mourning.

Ah, pale friend!
Who speak'st not—look'st not—dost not give the hand—
Hath love so perished in that pulseless breast,
Once its own throne?

Thou silent, changeless one,
The seal is on thy virtues—now no more
Like ours to tremble in temptation's hour,
Perchance to fall. Fear hath no longer power
To chill thy life-stream, and frail hope doth fold
Her rainbow wing, and sink to rest with thee.
How good to be unclothed, and sleep in peace!

Friend!—Friend!—I grieve to lose thee. Thou hast
been
The sharer of my sympathies, the soul
That prompted me to good, the hand that shed
Dew on my drooping virtues. In all scenes
Where we have dwelt together—walking on
In friendship's holy concord, I am now
But a divided being. Who is left
To love, as thou hast loved?
Yet still, to share
A few more welcomes from thy soft blue eye,
A few more pressures of thy snowy hand,
And ruby lip, could I enchain thee here
To all that change and plenitude of ill
Which we inherit? Hence, thou selfish grief!
Thy root is in the earth, and all thy fruits
Bitter and baneful. Holy joy should spring
When pure hearts take their portion.
Go, beloved!
First, for thou wert most worthy.—I will strive,
As best such frail one may, to follow thee.

THE CHILDREN OF HENRY THE FIRST.

LIGHT sped a bark from Gallia's strand
Across the azure main,
And on her deck a joyous band,—
A proud and courtly train,
Surrounded Albion's princely heir,
Who toward his realm returned;
And music's cheering strain was there,
And hearts with pleasure burned.

It was a fair and glorious sight
That gallant bark to see,
With floating streamers, glittering bright
In pomp of chivalry;
The smooth sea bless'd her as she flew,
The gentle gale impelled,
As if each crested billow knew
What wealth her bosom held.

But strangely o'er the summer sky
A sable cloud arose,

And hollow winds, careering high,
Rushed on like armed foes.
Loud thunders roll, wild tempests rave,
Red lightnings cleave the sky,—
What is yon wreck amid the wave?
And whence that fearful cry?

See! see! amid the foaming surge
There seems a speck to float,
And, with such speed as oars can urge,
Toils on the laboring boat.
The Prince is safe—but to his ear
There came a distant shriek,
Which to his strained eye brought the tear,
And paleness to his cheek.

That voice! 'twas by his cradle side,
When with sweet dream he slept,—
It ruled his wrath, it soothed his pride,
When moody boyhood wept.
'Twas with him in his hour of glee,
Gay sports, and pastimes rare;
And at his sainted mother's knee,
Amid the evening prayer.

Plunging, he dared the breakers hoarse,—
None might the deed restrain,—

And battled, with a maniac's force,
The madness of the main.
He snatched his sister from the wreck,—
Faint was her accent dear,
Yet strong her white arms twined his neck,—
"Blest William! art thou here?"

The wild waves swelled like mountains on,
The blasts impetuous sweep;
Where is the heir of England's throne?
Go,—ask the insatiate deep!
He sleeps in Ocean's coral grove,
Pale pearls his bed adorn,
A martyr to that hallowed love
Which with his life was born.

Woe was in England's halls that day,
Woe in her royal towers,
While low her haughty monarch lay,
To wail his smitten flowers:
And, though protracted years bestow
Bright honor's envied store,
Yet on that crowned and lofty brow
The smile sat never more.

THE SEA-BOY.

"Up and reef top-sails—ho!"
The storm was loud,
And the deep midnight muffled up her head,
Leaving no ray. By the red binnacle
I saw the sea-boy. His young cheek was pale,
And his lip trembled. But he dared not hear
That hoarse command repeated. So he sprang
With slender foot, amid the slippery shrouds.
He, oft, by moonlight-watch, had lured my ear
With everlasting stories of his home
And of his mother. His fair brow told tales
Of household kisses, and of gentle hands
That bound it when it ached, and laid it down
On the soft pillow, with a curtaining care.
And he had sometimes spoken of the cheer
That waited him, when wearied from his school,
At winter's eve he came. Then he would pause,
For his high-beating bosom threw a chain
O'er his proud lip, or else it would have sighed
A deep remorse for leaving such a home.

And he would haste away, and pace the deck
More rapidly, as if to hide from me
The gushing tear. I marked the inward strife
Unquestioning, save by a silent prayer,
That the tear wrung so bitterly, might work
The sea-boy's good and wash away all trace
Of disobedience. Now, the same big tear
Hung like a pearl upon him, as he climbed
And grappled to the mast. I watched his toil,
With strange foreboding, till he seemed a speck
Upon the ebon bosom of the cloud.
And I remembered that he once had said,
"*I fear I shall not see my home again:*"
And sad the memory of those mournful words
Dwelt with me, as he passed above my sight
Into thick darkness.
The wild blast swept on.
The strong ship tossed.
Shuddering, I heard a plunge—
A heavy plunge—a gurgling 'mid the wave.
I shouted to the crew. *In vain! In vain!*
The ship held on her way. And never more
Shall that poor delicate sea-boy raise his head
To do the bidding of those roughened men,
Whose home is on the sea. And never more
May his fond mother strain him to her breast,
Weeping that hardship thus should bronze the brow

To her so beautiful—nor the kind sire
Make glad, by his forgiveness, the rash youth
Who wandered from his home, to throw the wealth
Of his warm feelings on the faithless sea

MEETING OF THE SUSQUEHANNA WITH THE LACKAWANNA.

Rush on glad stream, in thy power and pride,
To claim the hand of thy promis'd bride;
She doth haste from the realm of the darken'd mine,
To mingle her murmur'd vows with thine;
Ye have met—ye have met, and the shores prolong
The liquid notes of your nuptial song.

Methinks ye wed, as the white man's son,
And the child of the Indian king have done;
I saw thy bride, as she strove in vain,
To cleanse her brow from the carbon stain,
But she brings thee a dowry so rich and true
That thy love must not shrink from the tawny hue.

Her birth was rude, in a mountain cell,
And her infant freaks there are none to tell;
The path of her beauty was wild and free,
And in dell and forest, she hid from thee;
But the day of her fond caprice is o'er,
And she seeks to part from thy breast no more.

Pass on in the joy of thy blended tide,
Through the land where the blessed Miquon* died;
No red man's blood with its guilty stain,
Hath cried unto God from that broad domain—
With the seeds of peace they have sown the soil,
Bring a harvest of wealth, for their hour of toil.

On, on, through the vale where the brave ones sleep,
Where the waving foliage is rich and deep;
I have stood on the mountain and roam'd through the glen
To the beautiful homes of the western men;
Yet naught in that realm of enchantment could see,
So fair, as the vale of Wyoming to me.

* A name given by the Aborigines to their friend William Penn.

NAPOLEON AT HELENA.

"The moon of St. Helena shone out, and there we saw the face of Napoleon's sepulchre, *characterless, uninscribed.*"

And who shall write thine epitaph? thou man
Of mystery and might.
Shall orphan hands
Inscribe it with their fathers' broken swords?
Or the warm trickling of the widow's tear
Channel it slowly 'mid the rugged rock,
As the keen torture of the water-drop
Doth wear the sentenc'd brain?
Shall countless ghosts
Arise from Hades, and in lurid flame,
With shadowy finger, trace thine effigy,
Who sent them to their audit unannealed,
And with but that brief space for shrift or prayer,
Given at the cannon's mouth?
Thou who didst sit
Like eagle on the apex of the globe,

And hear the murmur of its conquer'd tribes,
As chirp the weak-voic'd nations of the grass,
Say, art thou sepulchred in yon far isle,—
Yon little speck, which scarce the mariner
Descries 'mid ocean's foam? Thou who didst hew
A pathway for thy host above the cloud,
Guiding their footsteps o'er the frost-work crown
Of the thron'd Alps,—why dost thou sleep, unmark'd
Even by such slight memento as the hind
Carves on his own coarse tomb-stone?

Bid the throng
Who pour'd thee incense, as Olympian Jove,
Breathing thy thunders on the battle-field,
Return and deck thy monument. Those forms,
O'er the wide valleys of red slaughter strew'd,
From pole to tropic, and from zone to zone,
Heed not the clarion-call. Yet, should they rise,
As in the vision that the prophet saw,
Each dry bone to its fellow,—or in heaps
Should pile their pillar'd dust,—might not the stars
Deem that again the puny pride of man
Did build its Babel-stairs, creeping, by stealth,
To dwell with them? But here, unwept, thou art,
Like some dead lion in his thicket-lair,
With neither living man, nor spectre lone.
To trace thine epitaph.

Invoke the climes
That serv'd as playthings, in thy desperate game

Of mad ambition, or their treasures strew'd
To pay thy reckoning, till gaunt Famine fed
Upon their vitals. France! who gave so free
Thy life-stream to his cup of wine, and saw
That purple vintage shed o'er half the earth,
Write the first line, if thou hast blood to spare.
Thou, too, whose pride adorn'd dead Cæsar's tomb,
And pour'd high requiem o'er the tyrant train
Who rul'd thee to thy cost, lend us thine arts
Of sculpture and of classic eloquence
To grace his obsequies at whose dark frown
Thine ancient spirit quail'd; and to the list
Of mutilated kings, who glean'd their meat
'Neath Agag's table, add the name of Rome.
Turn, Austria! iron-brow'd and stern of heart,
And on his monument to whom thou gav'st
In anger battle, and in craft a bride,
Grave Austerlitz, and fiercely turn away.
Rouse Prussia from her trance with Jena's name,
Like the rein'd war-horse, at the trumpet-blast,
And take her witness to that fame which soars
O'er him of Macedon, and shames the vaunt
Of Scandinavia's madman.

From the shades
Of letter'd ease, O Germany! come forth
With pen of fire, and from thy troubled scroll,
Such as thou spread'st at Leipsic, gather tints
Of deeper character than bold romance

Hath ever imag'd in her wildest dream,
Or history trusted to her sibyl leaves.
Hail, lotus-crown'd! in thy green childhood fed
By stiff-neck'd Pharaoh, and the shepherd kings,
Hast thou no trait of him who drench'd thy sands,
At Jaffa and Aboukir? when the flight
Of rushing souls went up so strange and strong
To the accusing Spirit?

Glorious isle!
Whose thrice enwreathed chain, Promethean like,
Did bind him to the fatal rock, we ask
Thy deep memento for this marble tomb.
Ho! fur-clad Russia! with thy spear of frost,
Or with thy winter-mocking Cossack's lance,
Stir the cold memories of thy vengeful brain,
And give the last line of our epitaph.

But there was silence. Not a sceptred hand
Receiv'd the challenge.

From the misty deep
Rise, island-spirits! like those sisters three,
Who spin and cut the trembling thread of life,
Rise on your coral pedestals, and write
That eulogy which haughtier climes deny.
Come, for ye lulled him in your matron arms,
And cheer'd his exile with the name of king,
And spread that curtain'd couch which none disturb;
Come, twine some bud of household tenderness,

Some tender leaflet, nurs'd with nature's tears,
Around this urn. But Corsica, who rock'd
His cradle at Ajaccio, turn'd away;
And tiny Elba in the Tuscan wave
Plung'd her slight annal with the haste of fear;
And lone St. Helena, heart-sick, and grey
'Neath rude Atlantic's scourging, bade the moon,
With silent finger, point the traveller's gave
To an unhonored tomb.

Then Earth arose,
That blind old empress, on her crumbling throne,
And, to the echoed question—"*Who shall write*
Napoleon's epitaph?"—as one who broods
O'er unforgiven injuries, answer'd—"*None.*"

DEAF, DUMB AND BLIND GIRL,* AT A FESTIVAL.

I saw her, where the summer flowers
Lay sprinkled o'er the shaven green,
While birds sang gaily from their bowers,
And chrystal waters flow'd between.

I saw her, but no song she heard,
No word of fond delight she spoke;
No varying ray her spirit cheer'd
That o'er the glorious landscape broke

For while her young companions share
Those joys that ne'er await the blind,
A moral night of deep despair
Descending, shrouds her lonely mind.

Yet deem not, though so dark her path,
Heaven strew'd no comfort o'er her lot,

* Julia Brace, from the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, at Hartford, Connecticut.

Or in her bitter cup of wrath
The healing drop of balm forgot.

No! still with unambitious mind
The needle's patient task to ply,
At the full board her place to find,
Or close in sleep the placid eye,

With Order's unobtrusive charm
Her simple wardrobe to dispose,
To press of guiding care the arm,
And rove where autumn's bounty flows,

With touch so exquisitively true
That vision stands astonish'd by,
To recognise with ardor due
Some friend or benefactor nigh,

Her hand 'mid childhood's curls to place,
From fragrant buds the breath to steal,
Of stranger-guest the brow to trace,
Are pleasures left for her to feel.

And often o'er her hour of thought
Will burst a laugh of wildest glee,
As if the living gems she caught
On wit's fantastic drapery,

As if at length, relenting skies,
In pity to her doom severe,
Had bade a mimic morning rise,
The chaos of the soul to cheer.

But who, with energy divine,
May tread that undiscover'd maze,
Where Nature in her curtain'd shrine
The strange and new-born thought surveys?

Where quick perception shrinks to find
On eye and ear the envious seal,
And wild ideas throng the mind,
That palsied speech must ne'er reveal;

Where Instinct, like a robber bold,
Steals sever'd links from Reason's chain,
And leaping o'er her barrier cold,
Proclaims the proud precaution vain.

Say, who shall with magician's wand
That elemental mass compose,
Where young affections slumber fond
Like germs unwak'd 'mid wintry snows?

Who, in that undecipher'd scroll,
The mystic characters may see,

Save He who reads the secret soul,
And holds of life and death the key?

Then, on thy midnight journey roam,
Poor wandering child of rayless gloom,
And to thy last and narrow home,
Drop gently from this living tomb.

Yes,—uninterpreted and drear,
Toil onward with benighted mind,
Still kneel at prayers thou canst not hear,
And grope for truth thou may'st not find.

No scroll of friendship, or of love,
Must breathe soft language o'er thy heart,
Nor that blest Book which guides above,
Its message to thy soul impart.

But thou, who didst on Calvary die,
Flows not thy mercy wide and free?
Thou who didst rend of *Death* the tie,
Is *Nature's* seal too strong for thee?

And Thou, Oh Spirit pure! whose rest
Is with the lowly contrite train,
Illume the temple of her breast,
And cleanse of latent ill the stain,

That she, whose pilgrimage below
Was night that never hoped a morn,
That undeclining day may know
Which of eternity is born.

The great transition who can tell?
When from the ear its seal shall part,
Where countless lyres seraphic swell,
And holy transport thrills the heart;

When the chain'd tongue, forbid to pour
The broken melodies of time,
Shall to the highest numbers soar,
Of everlasting praise sublime:

When those veiled orbs, which ne'er might trace
The features of their kindred clay,
Shall scan, of Deity, the face,
And glow with rapture's deathless ray.

THE TOMB.

"So parted they; the angel up to Heaven,
And Adam to his bower."

MILTON.

THIS is the parting place; this narrow house,
With its turf roof and marble door, where none
Have entered and returned. If earth's poor gold
E'er clave unto thee, here unlade thyself;
For thou didst bring none with thee to this world
Nor may'st thou bear it hence. Honors hast thou,
Ambition's shadowy gatherings? Shred them loose
To the four winds, their natural element.
Yea, more, thou must unclasp the living ties
Of strong affection. Hast thou nurtured babes?
And was each wailing from their feeble lip
A thorn to pierce thee? every infant smile,
And budding hope, a spring of ecstacy?
Turn, turn away, for thou henceforth to them
A parent art no more? Wert thou a wife?

And was the arm on which thy spirit leaned
Faithful in all thy need? Yet must thou leave
This fond protection, and pursue alone
Thy shuddering pathway down the vale of death.
Friendship's free intercourse—the promised joys
Of soul-implanted, soul-confiding love,
The cherished sympathies which every year
Struck some new root within thy yielding breast,
Stand loose from all, thou lonely voyager
Unto the land of spirits.

Yea, even more!
Lay down thy body! Hast thou worshipped it
With vanity's sweet incense, and wild waste
Of precious time? Did beauty bring it gifts,
The lily brow, the full resplendent eye,
The tress, the bloom, the grace, whose magic power
Woke man's idolatry? Oh lay it down,
Earth's reptile banqueters have need of it.

Still may'st thou bear, o'er Jordan's stormy wave,
One blessed trophy; if thy life hath striven
By penitence and faith such boon to gain,
The victor palm of Christ's atoning love:—
And this shall win thee entrance when thou stand'st
A pilgrim at Heaven's gate.

POETRY.

Morn on her rosy couch awoke,
Enchantment led the hour,
And mirth and music drank the dews
That freshen Beauty's flower.
Then from her bower of deep delight,
I heard a young girl sing,
"Oh, speak no ill of poetry,
For 'tis a holy thing."

The Sun in noon-day heat rose high,
And on with heaving breast,
I saw a weary pilgrim toil,
Unpitied and unblest;
Yet still in trembling measures flow'd
Forth from a broken string,
"Oh, speak no ill of poetry,
For 'tis a holy thing."

'Twas night, and Death the curtains drew,
'Mid agony severe,

While there a willing spirit went
Home to a glorious sphere;
Yet still it sigh'd, even when was spread
The waiting Angel's wing,
"Oh, speak no ill of poetry,
For 'tis a holy thing."

BAPTISM OF AN INFANT AT ITS MOTHER'S FUNERAL.

Whence is that trembling of a father's hand,
Who to the man of God doth bring his babe,
Asking the seal of Christ?—Why doth the voice
That uttereth o'er its brow the Triune Name
Falter with sympathy?—And most of all,
Why is yon coffin-lid a pedestal
For the baptismal font?
Again I asked.
But all the answer was those gushing tears
Which stricken hearts do weep.
For there she lay,
The fair, young mother in that coffin-bed,
Mourned by the funeral train. The heart that beat
With trembling tenderness, at every touch
Of love or pity, flushed the cheek no more.
———Tears were thy baptism, thou unconscious one,
And Sorrow took thee at the gate of life,
Into her cradle. Thou may'st never know
The welcome of a nursing mother's kiss,

When lost in wondering ecstacy, she marks
A thrilling growth of new affections spread
Fresh greenness o'er her soul.
Thou may'st not share
Her hallowed teachings, nor suffuse her eye
With joy, as the first germs of infant thought
Unfold, in lisping sound.
Yet may'st thou walk
Even as she walked, breathing on all around
The warmth of high affections purified,
And sublimated, by that Spirit's power
Which makes the soul fit temple for its God.
———So shalt thou, in a brighter world, behold
That countenance which the cold grave did veil
Thus early from thy sight, and the first tone
Bearing a mother's welcome to thine ear
Be wafted from the minstrelsy of Heaven.

THE FRIENDS OF MAN.

The young babe sat on its mother's knee,
Shaking its coral and bells with glee,
When Hope drew near, with a seraph smile,
To press the lips that had breathed no guile,
Nor spoke the words of sorrow;
Its little sister brought a flower,
And Hope, still lingering nigh
With sunny tress and sparkling eye,
Whispered of one in a brighter bower
It might pluck for itself to-morrow.

The boy came in from the wintry snow,
And mused by the parlour-fire,
But ere the evening lamps did glow,
A stranger came, and, bending low,
Kiss'd his fair and ruddy brow;
"What is that in your hand?" she said;
"My New-Year's Gift, with its covers red."
"Bring hither the book, my boy, and see,
The magic spell of Memory,

That page hath gold, and a way I'll find
To lock it safe in your docile mind;
For books have honey, the sages say,
That is sweet to the taste when the hair is grey."

The youth at midnight sought his bed,
But, ere he closed his eyes,
Two forms drew near with gentle tread,
In meek and saintly guise,
One struck a lyre of wondrous power,
With thrilling music fraught,
That chain'd the flying summer hour,
And charm'd the listener's thought;
For still would its tender cadence be,
"Follow me! Follow me!
And every morn a smile shall bring,
As sweet as the merry lay I sing."

She ceas'd, and with a serious air
The other made reply,
"Shall he not also be my care?
May not I his journey share?
Sister! sister! tell me why?
Need Memory e'er with Hope contend?
Doth not the virtuous soul still find in both a friend?"

The youth beheld the strife,
And eagerly replied,

"Come, both, and be my guide,
And gild the path of life;"
So he gave to each a brother's kiss,
And laid him down, and his dream was bliss.

The man came forth to run his race,
And ever when the morning light
Rous'd him from the trance of night,
When singing from her nest,
The lark went up with dewy breast,
Hope by his pillow stood with angel grace;
And, as a mother cheers her son,
She girded his daily harness on.

But when the star of eve, from weary care,
Bade him to his home repair,
When by the hearth-stone where his joys were born,
The cricket wound its tiny horn,
Sober Memory spread her board
With knowledge richly stor'd,
And supp'd with him, and like a guardian bless'd
His nightly rest.

The old man sat in his elbow-chair,
His locks were thin and grey,
Memory, that faithful friend was there,
And he in querulous tone did say,

"Hast thou not lost with careless key,
Something that I have entrusted to thee?"

Her pausing answer was sad and low,
"It may be so! It may be so!
The lock of my casket is worn and weak,
And Time, with a plunderer's eye doth seek;
Something I miss, but I cannot say
What it is he hath stolen away,
For only tinsel and trifles spread
Over the alter'd path we tread;
But the gems thou didst give me when life was new,
Here they are, all told and true,
Diamonds and rubies of changeless hue."

But while in grave debate,
Mournful, and ill at ease, they sate,
Finding treasures disarrang'd,
Blaming the fickle world, though they themselves were chang'd,
Hope on a buoyant wing did soar,
Which folded underneath her robe she wore,
And spread its rainbow plumes with new delight,
And jeoparded its strength, in a bold, heavenward flight.

The dying lay on his couch of pain,
And his soul went forth to the angel-train,

Yet when Heaven's gate its golden bars undrew,
Memory walked that portal through,
And spread her tablet to the Judge's eye,
Heightening with clear response the welcome of the sky

But Hope that glorious door
Pass'd not:—it was not hers to dwell
Where pure desires to full fruition swell.
Her ministry was o'er:
To cheer earth's pilgrim to the sky,—
To cleanse the tear-drop from his eye,
Was hers,—then to immortal Joy
Resign her brief employ,
Yield her sweet harp, and die.

MARRIAGE OF THE DEAF AND DUMB

No WORD! no sound! But yet a solemn rite
Proceedeth through the festive lighted hall.
Hearts are in treaty, and the soul doth take
That oath, which, unabsolved, must stand till death,
With icy seal, doth stamp the scroll of life.
No word! no sound! But still yon holy man
With strong and graceful gesture doth impose
The irrevocable vow, and with meek prayer
Present it to be registered in Heaven.
  Methinks this silence heavily doth brood
Upon the spirit. Say, thou flower-crown'd bride,
What means the sigh which from that ruby lip
Doth 'scape, as if to seek some element
Which angels breathe?
  Mute! mute! 'tis passing strange!
Like necromancy all. And yet, 'tis well;
For the deep trust, with which a maiden casts
Her all of earth, perchance her all of heaven,
Into a mortal's hand, the confidence
With which she turns in every thought to him,

Her more than brother, and her next to God,
Hath never yet been shadowed forth in sound,
Or told in language.

So, ye voiceless pair,
Pass on in hope. For ye may build as firm
Your silent altar in each other's hearts,
And catch the sunshine through the clouds of time
As cheerily, as though the pomp of speech
Did herald forth the deed. And when ye dwell
Where flower fades not, and death no treasured link
Hath power to sever more, ye need not mourn
The ear sequestrate, and the tuneless tongue,
For there the eternal dialect of love
Is the free breath of every happy soul.

TO A DYING INFANT.

Go to thy rest, my child!
Go to thy dreamless bed,
Gentle and undefiled,
With blessings on thy head;
Fresh roses in thy hand,
Buds on thy pillow laid,
Haste from this fearful land,
Where flowers so quickly fade.

Before thy heart might learn
In waywardness to stray,
Before thy foot could turn
The dark and downward way;
Ere sin might wound the breast,
Or sorrow wake the tear,
Rise to thy home of rest,
In yon celestial sphere.

Because thy smile was fair
Thy lip and eye so bright,

Because thy cradle-care
  Was such a fond delight,
Shall Love, with weak embrace,
  Thy heavenward flight detain?
No! Angel, seek thy place
  Amid yon cherub-train.

THE DYING PHILOSOPHER.

I HAVE crept forth to die among the trees.
They have sweet voices that I love to hear,
Sweet, lute-like voices. They have been as friends
In my adversity—when sick and faint
I stretched me in their shadow all day long,
They were not weary of me. They sent down
Soft summer breezes, fraught with pitying sighs,
To fan my blanching cheek. Their lofty boughs
Pointed with thousand fingers to the sky,
And round their trunks the wild vine fondly clung,
Nursing her clusters; and they did not check
Her clasping tendrils, nor deceive her trust,
Nor blight her blossoms, and go towering up
In their cold stateliness, while on the earth
She sank to die.

But thou, rejoicing bird,
Why pourest thou such a rich and mellow lay
On my dull ear? Poor bird!—I gave thee crumbs,
And fed thy nested little ones! so thou
(Unlike to man!) thou dost remember it.

O mine own race!—how often have ye sate
Gathered around my table, shared my cup,
And worn my raiment—yea, far more than this,
Been sheltered in my bosom, but to turn
And lift the heel against me, and cast out
My bleeding heart in morsels to the world,
Like catering cannibals.
Take me not back
To those imprisoning curtains, broidered thick
With pains, beneath whose sleepless canopy
I've pined away so long. The purchased care,
The practised sympathy, the fawning tone
Of him who on my vesture casteth lots,
The weariness, the secret measuring
How long I have to live, the guise of grief
So coarsely worn—I would not longer brook
Such torturing ministry. Let me die here—
'Tis but a little while. Let me die here.
Have patience, Nature, with thy feeble son,
So soon to be forgot, and from thine arms,
Thou gentle mother, from thy true embrace,
Let my freed spirit pass.
Alas! how vain
The wreath that Fame would bind around our tomb—
The winds shall waste it, and the worms destroy,
While from its home of bliss the disrobed soul
Looks not upon its greenness, nor deplores
Its withering loss. Thou who hast toiled to earn

The fickle praise of far posterity,
Come, weigh it at the grave's brink, here with me,
If thou canst weigh a dream.
Hail, holy stars!
Heaven's stainless watchers o'er a world of woe,
Look down once more upon me. When again,
In solemn night's dark regency, ye ope
Your searching eyes, me shall ye not behold
Among the living. Let me join the song
With which ye sweep along your glorious way;
Teach me your hymn of praise. What have I said?
I will not learn of you, for ye shall fall.
Lo! with swift wing I mount above your spheres,
To see the Invisible, to know the Unknown,
To love the Uncreated! Earth, farewell!

DEATH OF THE EMIGRANT.

"The way is long," the father said,
While through the western wild he sped,
With eager, searching eye;
"Cheer ye, my babes," the mother cried,
And drew them closer to her side,
As frown'd the evening sky.

Just then, within the thicket rude,
A log-rear'd cabin's roof they view'd,
And its low shelter blest,
On the rough floor, their simple bed,
In weariness and haste they spread,
And laid them down to rest.

On leathern hinge, the doors were hung,
Undeck'd with glass the casement swung
The smoke-wreath stain'd the wall;
And here they found their only home,
Who once had rul'd the spacious dome,
And pac'd the pictur'd hall.

But hearts with pure affections warm,
Unmurmuring at the adverse storm,
Did in that cell abide,
And there the wife her husband cheer'd,
And there her little ones she rear'd,
And there in hope she died.

Still the lone man his toil pursued,
While 'neath his roof so low and rude,
A gentle daughter rose,
As peering through some rifted rock,
Or blooming on a broken stock,
The blushing sweet briar grows.

With tireless hand, the board she spread,
The Holy Book at evening read,
And when, with serious air,
He saw her bend so sweetly mild
And lull to sleep the moaning child,
He bless'd her in his prayer.

But stern disease his footsteps staid,
And down the woodman's axe he laid,
The fever-flame was high;
No more the forest fear'd his stroke,
He fell, as falls the rugged oak,
Beneath the whirlwind's eye.

His youngest girl, his fondest pride,
His baby, when the mother died,
How desolate she stands!
While gazing on his death struck eye
His kneeling sons with anguish cry,
And clasp his clenching hands.

Who hastes his throbbing head to hold?
Who bows to chafe his temples cold
In beauty's opening prime?
That blessed daughter meek of heart,
Who for his sake a matron's part
Had borne before her time.

That gasp, that groan, 'tis o'er, 'tis o'er,
The manly breast must heave no more.
The heart no longer pine:
Oh, thou, who feed'st the raven's nest,
Confirm once more thy promise blest,
"The fatherless are mine."

FILIAL CLAIMS.

—•—

Who bendeth with meek eye, and bloodless cheek
Thus o'er the new-born babe? content to take,
As payment for all agony and pain,
Its first soft kiss, its first breath on her brow,
The first faint pressure of its tiny hand?
It is not needful that I speak the name
Of that *one being on this earth*, whose love
Doth never falter.

Answer me, young man,
Thou, who through chance and change of time hast trod
Thus far, when some with vengeful wrath have mark'd
Thy waywardness, or in thy time of woe
Deserted thee, or with a rainbow smile
Lur'd and forsook, or on thine errors scowl'd
With unforgiving memory—*did she?*
Thy Mother?

Child! in whose rejoicing heart
The cradle-scene is fresh, the lulling hymn
Still clearly echoed, when the blight of age
Withereth that bosom where thine head doth lay,

When pain shall paralyse the arm that clasps
Thy form so tenderly, *wilt thou forget?*
Wilt thou be weary, though long years should ask
The patient offices of love to gird
A broken mind?
Turn back the book of life
To its first page. What deep trace meets thee there?
Lines from a Mother's pencil. When her scroll
Of life is finish'd, when the hand of Death
Stamps that strong seal, which none but God can break,
What should its *last trace be?*
Thy bending form
In sleepless love, the dying couch beside,
Thy tender hand upon the closing eye,
Thy kiss upon the lips, thy prayer to Heaven,
The chasten'd rendering of thy filial trust,
Back to the white-wing'd angel ministry.

THE ANGEL'S SONG.

"They heard a voice from Heaven, saying, Come up hither."

Ye have a land of mist and shade,
Where spectres roam at will,
Dense clouds your mountain cliffs pervade.
And damps your valleys chill;
But ne'er has midnight's wing of woe
Eclipsed our changeless ray;
"Come hither," if ye seek to know
The bliss of perfect day.

Doubt, like the bohan-upas, spreads
A blight where'er ye tread,
And Hope, a wailing mourner, sheds
The tear o'er harvests dead;
With us, no traitorous foe assails
When love her home would make;
In Heaven, the welcome never fails,
"Come," and that warmth partake.

Time revels 'mid your boasted joys,
Death dims your brighest rose,
And sin your bower of peace destroys—
Where will ye find repose?
Ye're wearied in your pilgrim-race,
Sharp thorns your path infest,
"Come hither,"—rise to our embrace,
And Christ shall give you rest.

'Twas thus, methought, at twilight hour
The angel's lay came down;
Like dews upon the drooping flower,
When droughts of summer frown;
How richly o'er the ambient air
Swelled out that music free!
Oh!—when the pangs of death I bear,
Sing ye that song to me.

THE CONSUMPTIVE GIRL.

FROM A PICTURE.

—◆—

Thou may'st not raise her from that couch, kind nurse,
To bind those clustering tresses, or to press
The accustomed cordial. Thou no more shalt feel
Her slight arms twining faintly round thy neck
To prop her weakness. That low whispered tone
No more can thank thee, but the earnest eye
Speaks, with its tender glance, of all thy care
By night and day. Henceforth thy mournful task
Is brief: to wipe the cold and starting dew
From that pure brow, to touch the parching lip
With the cool water-drop—and guide the breeze
That, fragrant, through her flowers, comes travelling on
Freshly to lift the poor heart's broken valve,
Which gasping waits its doom.

Mother! thy lot
Hath been a holy one; upon thy breast
To cherish that fair bud, to share its bloom,
Refresh its languor with the rain of Heaven,
And give it back to God. The hour is come.
Thy sleepless night-watch o'er her infancy

Bore its own payment. Thou hast never known
For her, thy child, burden, or toil, or pang,
But what the full fount of maternal love
Did wash away, leaving those diamond sands
Which memory from her precious casket strews.
Behold, her darkening eye doth search for thee!
As the bowed violet through some chilling screen
Turns toward the sun that cheered it. Well thine heart
Hath read its language from her cradle-hour,
What saith it now?

"Oh mother dear; farewell!
I go to Jesus. Early didst thou teach
My soul the way, from yonder Book of Heaven.
Come soon to me, sweet guide."

Ah, gather up
The glimmering radiance of that parting smile—
Prolong the final kiss—hang fondly o'er
The quivering pressure of that marble hand,
Those last, deep tokens of a daughter's love.
Weep, but not murmur. She no more shall pine
Before thine eyes in smothered agony,
And waste away, and wear the hectic flush
That cheats so long, to wake a keener pain.
Beside thy hearth she is a guest no more;
But in Heaven's beauty shalt thou visit her,
In Heaven's high health.

Call her no longer thine.
Thou could'st not keep Consumption's moth away

From her frail web of life. Thou could'st not guard
Thy darling from the lion. All thy love,
In the best armor of its sleepless might,
The spoiler trampled as a reed. Give thanks
That she is safe with Him who hath the power
O'er pain, and sin, and death. Mourner, give thanks.

INDIAN NAMES.

"How can the Red men be forgotten, while so many of our states and territories, bays, lakes and rivers, are indelibly stamped by names of their giving?"

Ye say, they all have passed away,
That noble race and brave,
That their light canoes have vanished
From off the crested wave;
That 'mid the forests where they roamed
There rings no hunter's shout;
But their name is on your waters,
Ye may not wash it out.

'Tis where Ontario's billow
Like Ocean's surge is curl'd,
Where strong Niagara's thunders wake
The echo of the world,

Where red Missouri bringeth
Rich tributes from the west,
And Rappahannock sweetly sleeps
On green Virginia's breast.

Ye say, their cone-like cabins,
That clustered o'er the vale,
Have fled away like withered leaves
Before the autumn gale:
But their memory liveth on your hills
Their baptism on your shore,
Your everlasting rivers speak
Their dialect of yore.

Old Massachusetts wears it
Within her lordly crown,
And broad Ohio bears it
Amid her young renown;
Connecticut hath wreathed it
Where her quiet foliage waves,
And bold Kentucky breathed it hoarse
Through all her ancient caves.

Wachuset hides its lingering voice
Within his rocky heart,
And Alleghany graves its tone
Throughout his lofty chart;

Monadnock on his forehead hoar
Doth seal the sacred trust,
Your mountains build their monument,
Though ye destroy their dust

THE MARTYR OF SCIO.

Bright summer reign'd in Scio. Gay she hung
Her coronal upon the olive groves,
Flushed the rich clusters on the ripening vines,
And shook fresh fragrance from the citron boughs,
Till every breeze was satiate. But the sons
Of that fair isle bore winter in their soul.
'Mid the proud temples of their ancestors,
And through the weeping mastic bowers, their step
Was like the man who hears the oppressor's voice
In Nature's softest echo; for the Turk
In sullen domination sternly roamed
Where mighty Homer awed the listening world.

Once to the proud divan, with stately step,
A youth drew near. Surpassing beauty sate
Upon his princely brow, and from his eye
A glance like lightning parted as he spake.

"I had a jewel. From my sires it came
In long transmission; and upon my soul

There was a bond to keep it for my sons.
'Tis gone—and in its place a false one shines,—
I ask for justice."
Brandishing aloft
His naked scimitar, the Cadi cried,
"By Allah and his Prophet! guilt like this
Shall feel the avenger's stroke. Show me the wretch
Who robbed thy casket."
Then the appellant tore
The turban from his head, and cast it down;
"Lo! the false jewel see. And would'st thou know
Whose fraud exchanged it for my precious gem?
Thou art the man. My birth-right was the faith
Of Jesus Christ, which thou hast stolen away
With hollow words. Take back thy tinselled bait
And let me, sorrowing, seek my Saviour's fold.
Tempted I was, and madly have I fallen—
Oh, give me back my faith."
And there he stood,
The stately-born of Scio, in whose veins
Stirred the high blood of Greece. There was a pause,
A haughty lifting up of Turkish brows,
In wonder and in scorn; a hissing tone
Of wrath precursive, and a stern reply—
"The faith of Moslem, or the sabre-stroke:
Choose thee, young Greek!"
Then rose his lofty form
In all its majesty, and his deep voice

Rang out sonorous as a triumph-song,
'Give back my faith!"
A pale torch faintly gleamed
Throuch niche and window of a lonely church,
And thence the wailing of a stifled dirge
Rose sad o'er midnight's ear. A corpse was there—
And a young beauteous creature, kneeling low
In speechless grief. Her wealth of raven locks
Swept o'er the dead man's brow, as there she laid
The withered bridal crown, while every hope
That at its twining woke, and every joy
Young love in fond idolatry had nursed,
Perished that hour.
Feebly she raised her child,
And bade him kiss his father. But the boy
Shrank back in horror from the clotted blood,
And wildly clasped his hands with such a cry
Of piercing anguish that each heart recoiled
From his impassioned woe. Yet there was one
Unmoved,—one white-haired, melancholy man,
Who stood in utter desolation forth,
Silent and solemn, like some lonely tower.
Though from his tearless eye there flash'd a flame
Of Helle's ancient glory unsubdued:—
That Sciote martyr was his only son

THE CORAL INSECT.

Toil on! toil on! ye ephemeral train,
Who build on the tossing and treacherous main;
Toil on! for the wisdom of man ye mock,
With your sand-based structures, and domes of rock;
Your columns the fathomless fountains lave,
And your arches spring up through the crested wave;
Ye're a puny race, thus to boldly rear
A fabric so vast, in a realm so drear.

Ye bind the deep with your secret zone,
The ocean is sealed, and the surge a stone;
Fresh wreaths from the coral pavement spring,
Like the terraced pride of Assyria's king;
The turf looks green where the breakers rolled,
O'er the whirlpool ripens the rind of gold,
The sea-snatched isle is the home of men,
And mountains exult where the wave hath been.

But why do ye plant 'neath the billows dark
The wrecking reef for the gallant bark?

There are snares enough on the tented field;
'Mid the blossomed sweets that the valleys yield;
There are serpents to coil ere the flowers are up;
There's a poison drop in man's purest cup;
There are foes that watch for his cradle-breath,
And why need ye sow the floods with death?

With mouldering bones the deeps are white,
From the ice-clad pole to the tropics bright;
The mermaid hath twisted her fingers cold,
With the mesh of the sea-boy's curls of gold;
And the gods of ocean have frowned to see
The mariner's bed 'mid their halls of glee:
Hath earth no graves? that ye thus must spread
The boundless sea with the thronging dead?

Ye build! ye build! but ye enter not in;
Like the tribes whom the desert devoured in their sin
From the land of promise, ye fade and die,
Ere its verdure gleams forth on your wearied eye.
As the cloud-crowned pyramids' founders sleep
Noteless and lost in oblivion deep,
Ye slumber unmarked 'mid the desolate main,
While the wonder and pride of your works remain

MISTAKES.

"Every thing that is high, is not holy; nor every desire pure; nor all that is sweet, good; nor every thing that is dear to man, pleasing to God."—THOMAS A KEMPIS.

MIGHT we but view the shore
Of this dim world, as from heaven's hill it gleams,
How should we blame the tear unduly shed,
And tax the truant joy! How should we see
Amaz'd, our own mistakes:—the lowly tomb
Of our lost idols blooming thick with flowers
Such as the seraph's bosom bears above,
And the steep cliff where we have madly blown
Ambition's victor-trump, with storm-clouds crown'd
To wreck the unwary soul:—wealth's hoarded gold,
Eternal poverty; and the meek prayer
Of him who knew not where to lay his head,
An heritage of glory.

Each desire
Fed to fruition, till the satiate heart

Is gorg'd with richness, sows it not the seeds
Of sickness there?—while he whose only rest
Was on a spear-point, who might ask for bread
Only to find a stone, gain'd he not thus
A mansion in the amaranthine bowers
Of love divine?

Prosperity, alas!
Is often but another name for pride,
And selfishness, which scorns another's woe;
While our keen disappointments are the food
Of that humility which entereth Heaven,
Finding itself at home. The things we mourn,
Work our eternal gain. Then let our joys
Be tremulous as the Mimosa's leaf,
And each affliction with a serious smile
Be welcom'd in at the heart's open door,
As the good patriarch met his muffled guests
And found them angels.

"ONLY THIS ONCE."

EXODUS, X. 17.

"ONLY this once."—the wine-cup glowed
All sparkling with its ruby ray,
The bacchanalian welcome flowed,
And Folly made the revel gay.

Then he, so long, so deeply warned,
The sway of conscience rashly spurned,
His promise of repentance scorned,
And, coward-like, to vice returned.

"Only this once."—The tale is told—
He wildly quaffed the poisonous tide;
With more than Esau's madness, sold
The birth-right of his soul—and died.

I do not say that breath forsook
The clay, and left its pulses dead,
But reason in her empire shook,
And all the life of life was fled.

Again his eyes the landscape viewed,
His limbs again their burden bore,
And years their wonted course renewed,
But hope and peace returned no more.

Then angel eyes with pity wept
When he whom virtue fain would save,
His sacred vow so falsely kept,
And strangely sought a drunkard's grave.

"Only this once."—Beware—Beware!—
Gaze not upon the blushing wine,
Repel temptation's siren snare,
And prayerful, seek for strength divine.

POMPEII.

On reading the "Tour in Italy and Switzerland" of the late Rev. E. D Griffin.

It was the evening of the day of God,
And silence reigned around. The waning lamp
Gleamed heavily, and gathering o'er my heart
There seemed a musing sadness.
Then thou cam'st,
Ethereal spirit! on thy classic wing,
Bidding me follow thee.
And so I sought
The ruined cities of Italia's plain,
And with thee o'er Pompeii's ashes trod,
Courting the friendship of a buried world.
'Tis fearful to behold the tide of life
In all the tossings of its fervid strength
Thus petrified, and every painted bark,
That spread its gay sail o'er the rippling surge
Sealed to its depths.

Thou haggard skeleton,
Clutching with bony hand thy hoarded gold.
What boots it thus those massy keys to guard
When life's frail key turns in its ward no more?
Say! hadst thou nought amid yon wreck, more dear
Than that encumbering dross? no priceless wealth
Of sweet affinity, no tender claim,
No eager turning of fond eyes to thine,
In that last hour of dread extremity?
Lo! yon grim soldier, faithful at his post,
Bold and unblenching, though a sea of fire
Closed o'er him with its suffocating wave.
The reeking air grew hot, the blackened heavens
Shrank like a shriveled scroll, and mother earth,
Forgetful of her love, a traitress turned.
Yet still *he* fled not; though each element
Swerved from the eternal law, he firmly stood
A *Roman Sentinel.*
Thus may we stand
In duty's armor, at our hour of doom,
Though on the climax of our joy, stern Death
Should steal unlooked for, as the lightning flash
Rending the summer-cloud.
But now, adieu,
My sainted guide. The midnight hour doth warn
Me from thy cherished pages, though methinks
The beauty of thy presence, and thy voice,
Whose tones melodious, charmed a listening throng,

Still linger near. It is not meet for us
To call thee brother, we who dwell in clay,
And find the impress of the earth so strong
Upon our purest gold.
Spirit of bliss!
Twining thyself around the living heart
By holiest memories, my prayer this night
Shall be a hymn of gratitude for thee.

FEMALE EDUCATION FOR GREECE

Why break'st thou thus the tomb of ancient night,
Thou blind old bard, majestic and alone?
Whose sightless eyes have fill'd the world with light,
Such light as fades not with the set of sun,
Light that the kindled soul doth feed upon,
When with her harp she soars o'er mortal things,
And from heaven's gate doth win some echoed tone,
And fit it deftly to her raptur'd strings,
And wake the sweet response, tho' earth with discord rings.

And lo! the nurtur'd in the Theban bower,
Impetuous Pindar, mad with tuneful ire,
Whose hand abrupt could rule with peerless power
The linked sweetness of the Doric lyre;
He, too, whom History graves with pen of fire
First on her chart,—the eloquent, the mild,
Down at whose feet she sitteth as her sire,
Listing his legends like a charmed child,
Clear as the soul of truth, yet rob'd in fancy wild.

And thou, meek martyr to the hemlock draught,
Whose fearless voice for truth and virtue strove,
Whose stainless life, and death serene, have taught
The Christian world to wonder and to love,—
Come forth, with Plato, from thy hallow'd grove,
And bring that golden chain by Time unriven,
Which round this pendent universe ye wove,
For still our homage to your lore is given,
And your pure wisdom priz'd, next to the page of heaven.

See, gathering round, high shades of glorious birth
Do throng the scene. Hath aught disturb'd their rest?
Why brings Philosophy her idols forth
With pensive brow, in solemn silence drest?
And see he comes, who o'er the sophist's crest
Did pour the simple element of light,
Reduce the complex thought to reason's test,
And stand severe in intellectual might,—
Undazzled, undeceiv'd, the peerless Stagyrite.

Those demi-gods of Greece! How sad they rove
Where, temple-crown'd, the Acropolis aspires,
Or green Hymettus rears her honied grove,
Or glows the Parthenon 'neath sunset fires,
Or where the olive, ere its prime, expires
By Moslem hatred scath'd. Methinks they seem
Westward to gaze, with unreveal'd desires,

Whether they roam by pure Ilyssus' stream,
Or haunt with troubled step the shades of Academe

Seek ye the West?—that land of noteless birth,
That when proud Athens rul'd with regal sway
All climes and kindreds of the awe-struck earth,
Still in its cold, mysterious cradle lay,
Till the world-finder rent the veil away,
And quell'd the red-brow'd hunters' savage tone?
Turn ye to us, young emmets of a day,
Who flit admiring round your ancient throne?
Seek ye a boon of us,—the nameless, the unknown?

We, who have blest you with our lisping tongue,
And to your baptism bow'd when life was new,
And, when upon our mother's breast we hung,
Your flowing nectar with our life-stream drew,
Who dipp'd our young feet in Castalian dew,
And pois'd with tiny arm that lance and shield
Before whose might the boastful Persian flew,
We, who Ulysses trac'd o'er flood and field,
What can ye ask of us, we would not joy to yield?

Ye ask no warrior's aid,—the Turk hath fled,
And on your throne Bavaria's prince reclines,—
No gold or gems, their dazzling light to shed,
Pearl from the sea, nor diamond from the mines;—
Ye ask that ray from Learning's lamp which shines,

To guide your sons, so long in error blind,—
The cry speeds forth from yon embowering vines,
"Give bread and water to the famish'd mind,
And from its durance dark, the imprison'd soul unbind."

Behold the Apostle of the Cross sublime!
The warn'd of heaven, the eloquent, the bold,
Who spake to Athens in her hour of prime,
Braving the thunders of Olympus old,
And spreading forth the Gospel's snowy fold,
Where heathen altars pour'd a crimson tide,
And stern tribunals their decrees unroll'd;
How would his zeal rebuke our ingrate pride,
If ye should sue to us and coldly be denied.

Explores your eagle-glance that weaker band
Who bear the burdens of domestic care?
Who guide the distaff with a patient hand,
And trim the evening hearth with cheerful air?
Point ye the Attic maid, the matron fair,
The blooming child devoid of letter'd skill?
What would ye ask? Wild winds the answer bear,
In blended echoes from the Aonian hill,—
"*Give them the book of God?*" *Immortal shades!—we will.*

THE BRIDE.

I CAME, but she was gone.
In her fair home,
There lay her lute, just as she touch'd it last,
At summer twilight, when the woodbine cups
Fill'd with pure fragrance. On her favorite seat
Lay the still-open work-box, and that book
Which last she read, its pencil'd margin mark'd
By an ill-quoted passage—trac'd, perchance
With hand unconscious, while her lover spake
That dialect, which brings forgetfulness
Of all beside. It was the cherish'd home,
Where from her childhood, she had been the star
Of hope and joy.
I came—and she was gone.
Yet I had seen her from the altar led,
With silvery veil but slightly swept aside,
The fresh, young rose-bud deepening in her cheek,
And on her brow the sweet and solemn thought
Of one who gives a priceless gift away.

And there was silence mid the gather'd throng.
The stranger, and the hard of heart, did draw
Their breath suppress, to see the mother's lip
Turn ghastly pale, and the majestic sire
Shrink as with smother'd sorrow, when he gave
His darling to an untried guardianship,
And to a far off clime.

Haply his thought
Travers'd the grass-grown prairies, and the shore
Of the cold lakes; or those o'erhanging cliffs,
And pathless mountain tops, that rose to bar
Her log-rear'd mansion from the anxious eye
Of kindred and of friend. Even triflers felt
How strong and beautiful is woman's love,
That, taking in its hand its thornless joys,
The tenderest melodies of tuneful years,
Yea! and its own life also—lays them all,
Meek and unblenching, on a mortal's breast,
Reserving nought, save that unspoken hope
Which hath its root in God.

Mock not with mirth,
A scene, like this, ye laughter-loving ones;
The licens'd jester's lip, the dancer's heel—
What do they here?

Joy, serious and sublime,
Such as doth nerve the energies of prayer,
Should swell the bosom, when a maiden's hand,

Fill'd with life's dewy flow'rets, girdeth on
That harness, which the ministry of Death
Alone unlooseth, but whose fearful power
May stamp the sentence of Eternity.

THE GIFT OF APOLLO.

A legend of ancient mythology relates, that the inhabitants of Methymnia, on the island of Lesbos, received from Apollo a genius for music and poetry, as a mark of his gratitude for having extended the rights of burial to the sever'd head of Orpheus.

When Orpheus' limbs, by Thracian madness torn,
Down the cold Hebrus' sounding floods were borne,
The blood-stain'd lips in tuneful measures sigh'd,
And murmur'd music charm'd the listening tide.

Thus roam'd the head, complaining and distrest,
Till Lesbian bands beheld the approaching guest,
And with indignant sorrow, shuddering bore
The mangled victim to their verdant shore,
With fragrant streams the quivering temples lave,
And cleanse the tresses from the briny wave,
Spread a soft pillow in the earth's green breast,
And with low dirges lull its woes to rest.

Then from the tossing surge, his lyre they gain,
A treasur'd trophy for Apollo's fane,
Round its fair frame funereal garlands bind,
And mourn its lord, to silent dust consign'd.

But when its chords the gales of evening sweep,
Soft tones awake, and mystic voices weep.
"Eurydice!" in trembling love they sigh.
"Eurydice!" the long-drawn aisles reply,
And through the temple steals, in echoes low,
The mournful sweetness of remember'd woe.

Methymnia's sons, with new-felt warmth inspir'd,
By all Apollo's soul of song were fir'd,
Pour'd their rich offerings round his golden shrine,
Caught the rapt spirit, and the strain divine,
While he with smiles and priceless gifts repaid
The men, whose pious rites appeas'd his favourite's shade.

METHUSELAH.

"And all the days of Methuselah were nine hundred sixty and nine years—*and he died.*"—GENESIS.

And was this all? He died! He who did wait
The slow unfolding of centurial years,
And shake that burden from his heart, which turns
Our temples white, and in his freshness stand
Till cedars mouldered and firm rocks grew gray—
Left he no trace upon the page inspired,
Save this one line—*He died?*
Perchance he stood
Till all who in his early shadow rose
Faded away, and he was left alone,
A sad, long-living, weary-hearted man,
To fear that death, remembering all beside,
Had sure forgotten him.
Perchance he roved
Exulting o'er the ever-verdant vales,

While Asia's sun burned fervid on his brow;
Or 'neath some waving palm-tree sate him down,
And in his mantling bosom nursed the pride
That mocks the pale destroyer, and doth link
To live for ever.

What majestic plans,
What mighty Babels, what sublime resolves,
Might in that time-defying bosom spring,
Mature, and ripen, and cast off their fruits
For younger generations of bold thought
To wear their harvest diadem;—while we,
In the poor hour-glass of our seventy years,
Scarce see the buds of some few plants of hopes,
Ere we are laid beside them, dust to dust.

Yet whatsoe'er his lot, in that dim age
Of mystery, when the unwrinkled world had drank
No deluge-cup of bitterness, whate'er
Were earth's illusions to his dazzled eye,
Death found him out at last, and coldly wrote,
With icy pen on life's protracted scroll,
Naught but this brief unflattering line—*He died.*

Ye gay flower-gatherers on time's crumbling brink,
This shall be said of you, howe'er ye vaunt
Your long to-morrows in an endless line—
Howe'er amid the gardens of your joy
Ye hide yourselves, and bid the pale King pass,
This shall be said of you at last—He died;
Oh, add one sentence more—*He lived to God.*

A FATHER TO HIS MOTHERLESS CHILDREN.

Come, gather closer to my side,
My little smitten flock,
And I will tell of him who brought
Pure water from the rock—
Who boldly led God's people forth
From Egypt's wrath and guile,
And once a cradled babe did float,
All helpless on the Nile.

You're weary, precious ones, your eyes
Are wandering far and wide—
Think ye of her who knew so well
Your tender thought to guide?
Who could to Wisdom's sacred lore
Your fixed attention claim?
Ah! never from your hearts erase
That blessed Mother's name.

'Tis time to sing your evening hymn,
My youngest infant dove,
Come press your velvet cheek to mine,
And learn the lay of love;
My sheltering arms can clasp you all,
My poor deserted throng,
Cling as you used to cling to her
Who sings the angel's song.

Begin, sweet birds, the accustomed strain,
Come, warble loud and clear;
Alas! alas! you're weeping all,
You're sobbing in my ear;
Good-night—go say the prayer she taught,
Beside your little bed,
The lips that used to bless you there
Are silent with the dead.

A father's hand your course may guide
Amid the thorns of life,
His care protect those shrinking plants
That dread the storms of strife;
But who, upon your infant hearts,
Shall like that mother write?
Who touch the strings that rule the soul?
Dear, smitten flock, good night;

THE FAITHFUL DOG.

See! how he strives to rescue from the flood,
The drowning child, who, venturous in his play,
Plung'd from the slippery footing. With what joy
The brave deliverer, feels those slender arms
Convulsive twining round his brawny neck,
And saves his master's boy.—
A zeal like this,
Hath oft, amid St. Bernard's blinding snows,
Track'd the faint traveller, or unseal'd the jaws
Of the voracious avalanche, plucking thence
The hapless victim.
If thou hast a dog,
Of such a noble race, let him not lack
Aught of the kind requital, that delights
His honest nature. When he comes at eve,
Laying his ample head upon thy knee,
And looking at thee, with a glistening eye,
Repulse him not, but let him, on the rug
Sleep fast and warm, beside thy parlour fire.
The lion-guard of all thou lov'st, is he,

Yet bows his spirit at thy least command,
And crouches at thy feet. On his broad back
He bears thy youngest darling, and endures
Long, with a wagging tail, the teazing sport
Of each mischievous imp. Enough for him,
That they are thine.

'Tis but an olden theme
To sing the faithful dog. The storied page
Full oft hath told his tried fidelity,
In legend quaint. Yet if in this our world
True friendship is a scarce and chary plant
It might be well, to stoop and sow its seed
Even in the humble bosom of a brute.
—Slight nutriment it needs:—the kindly tone,
The sheltering roof, the fragments from thy board,
The frank caress, or treasured word of praise
For deeds of loyalty.

So mayest thou win
A willing servant, and an earnest friend,
Faithful to death.

SILENT DEVOTION.

"The Lord is in his holy temple;—let all the Earth *keep silence* before him."

The Lord is on his holy throne,
He sits in kingly state;
Let those who for his favor seek,
In humble silence wait.

Your sorrows to his eye are known,
Your secret motives clear,
It needeth not the pomp of words,
To pour them on his ear.

Doth Death thy bosom's cell invade?
Yield up thy flower of grass:
Swells the world's wrathful billow high?
Bow down, and let it pass.

Press not thy purpose on thy God,
Urge not thine erring will,
Nor dictate to the Eternal mind,
Nor doubt thy Maker's skill.

True prayer is not the noisy sound
That clamorous lips repeat,
But the *deep silence* of a soul
That clasps Jehovah's feet.

THE MOTHER OF WASHINGTON.

On the laying of the Corner-stone of her Monument at Fredericksburg, Virginia.

Long hast thou slept unnoted. Nature stole
In her soft ministry around thy bed,
Spreading her vernal tissue, violet-gemmed,
And pearled with dews.
She bade bright Summer bring
Gifts of frankincense, with sweet song of birds,
And Autumn cast his reaper's coronet
Down at thy feet, and stormy Winter speak
Sternly of man's neglect.
But now we come
To do thee homage—mother of our chief!
Fit homage—such as honoreth him who pays.
Methinks we see thee—as in olden time—
Simple in garb—majestic and serene,
Unmoved by pomp or circumstance—in truth
Inflexible, and with a Spartan zeal

Repressing vice and making folly grave.
Thou didst not deem it woman's part to waste
Life in inglorious sloth—to sport awhile
Amid the flowers, or on the summer wave,
Then fleet, like the ephemeron, away,
Building no temple in her children's hearts,
Save to the vanity and pride of life
Which she had worshipped.

For the might that clothed
The "Pater Patriæ," for the glorious deeds
That make Mount Vernon's tomb a Mecca shrine
To all the earth, what thanks to thee are due,
Who, 'mid his elements of being, wrought,
We know not—Heaven can tell.

Rise, sculptured pile.
And show a race unborn who rests below;
And say to mothers what a holy charge
Is theirs—with what a kingly power their love
Might rule the fountains of the new-born mind.
Warn them to wake at early dawn—and sow
Good seed before the world hath sown her tares;
Nor in their toil decline—that angel bands
May put the sickle in, and reap for God,
And gather to his garner.

Ye, who stand,
With thrilling breast, to view her trophied praise,
Who nobly reared Virginia's godlike chief—
Ye, whose last thought upon your nightly couch,

Whose first at waking, is your cradled son,
What though no high ambition prompts to rear
A second Washington; or leave your name
Wrought out in marble with a nation's tears
Of deathless gratitude;—yet may you raise
A monument above the stars—a soul
Led by your teachings, and your prayers to God.

CHRISTIAN SETTLEMENTS IN AFRICA

Winds! what have ye gathered from Afric's strand,
As ye swept the breadth of that fragrant land?
The breath of the spice-bud, the rich perfume
Of balm and of gum and of flowret's bloom?
"We have gather'd nought, save a pagan prayer,
And the stifling sigh of the heart's despair."

Waves! what have ye heard on that ancient coast
Where Egypt the might of her fame did boast,
Where the statue of Memnon saluted the morn,
And the pyramids tower in their giant scorn?
"We have heard the curse of the slave-ship's crew,
And the shriek of the chain'd as the shores withdrew."

Stars! what have ye seen with the glancing eye
From your burning thrones in the sapphire-sky?
"We have mark'd young hope as it brightly glow'd,
On Afric's breast whence the blood-drop flow'd,
And we chanted the hymn which we sang at first,
When the sun from the midnight of Chaos burst."

THE MOURNING LOVER.

There was a noble form, which oft I marked
As the full blossom of bright boyhood's charms
Ripened to manly beauty. Nature made
His eloquent lip and fervid eye to win
Fair woman's trusting heart.
Yet not content,
Because ambition's fever wrought within,
He went to battle, and the crimson sod
Told where his life-blood gushed.
The maid who kept
In her young heart the secret of his love,
With all its hoarded store of sympathies
And images of hope, think ye she gave,
When a few years their fleeting course had run,
Her heart again to man?
No! no! She twined
Its riven tendrils round a surer prop,
And reared its blighted blossoms toward that sky
Which hath no cloud. She sought devotion's balm,
And, with a gentle sadness, turned her soul

From gaiety and song. Pleasure, for her,
Had lost its essence, and the viol's voice
Gave but a sorrowing sound. Even her loved plants
Breathed too distinctly of the form that bent
With hers to watch their budding. 'Mid their flowers,
And through the twining of their pensile stems,
The semblance of a cold, dead hand would rise,
Until she bade them droop and pass away
With him she mourned.

And so, with widowed heart,
She parted out her pittance to the poor,
Sat by the bed of sickness, dried the tear
Of the forgotten weeper, and enrob'd
Herself in mercy, like the Bride of Heaven.
Years pass'd away, and still she seemed unchanged.
The principle of beauty hath no age:—
It looketh forth, even though the eye be dim,
The forehead frost-crowned, yea, it looketh forth,
Wherever there doth dwell a truthful soul,
That in its chastened cheerfulness would shed
Sweet charity, on all whom God hath made.

Years pass'd away, and 'mid her holy toils
The hermit-heart found rest. And oft it seemed,
When on her self-denying course she went,
As if an angel folded his pure wing
Around her breast, inspiring it to hold
A saint's endurance.

Of her spirit's grief
She never spake. But as the flush of health
Receded from her cheek, her patient eye
Gathered new lustre, and the mighty wing
Of that supporting angel seemed to gird
Closer her languid bosom: while in dreams
A tuneful tone, like his who slumbered deep
Amid his country's dead, told her of climes
Where vows are never sundered.

One mild eve,
When on the foreheads of the sleeping flowers
The loving spring-dews hung their diamond wreaths,
She from her casket drew a raven curl,
Which once had clustered round her lost one's brow,
And press'd it to her lips, and laid it down
Upon her Bible, while she knelt to pour
The nightly incense of a stricken heart
At her Redeemer's feet. Gray morning came,
And still her white cheek on that holy page
Did calmly rest. Hers was that quiet sleep
Which hath no wakening here. Fled from her brow
Was every trace of pain, and in its stead
Methought the angel, who so long had been
Her comforter, had left a farewell-gift—
That smile which in the Court of Heaven doth beam.

ALICE.

A daughter of the late Dr. Mason F. Cogswell, of Hartford, Conn., who was deprived of the powers of hearing and speech, cherished so ardent an affection for her father, that, after his death, she said, in her strong language of gesture, "her heart had so grown to his, it could not be separated." She was suddenly called in a few days to follow him: and from the abodes of bliss, where we trust she has obtained a mansion, may we not imagine her thus addressing the objects of her fondest earthly affections?

Sisters! there's music here;
From countless harps it flows,
Throughout this bright celestial sphere
Nor pause nor discord knows.
The seal is melted from my ear
By love divine,
And what through life I pined to hear,
Is mine! Is mine!
The warbling of an ever-tuneful choir,
And the full deep response of David's sacred lyre.

Did kind earth hide from me
Her broken harmony,
That thus the melodies of heaven might roll,
And whelm in deeper tides of bliss, my rapt, my wondering soul?
Joy!—I am mute no more,
My sad and silent years,
With all their loneliness are o'er,
Sweet sisters! dry your tears:
Listen at hush of eve—listen at dawn of day—
List at the hour of prayer—can ye not hear my lay?
Untaught, unchecked it came,
As light from chaos beamed,
Praising his everlasting name,
Whose blood from Calvary streamed—
And still it swells that highest strain, the song of the redeemed.

Brother!—my only one!
Belov'd from childhood's hours,
With whom, beneath the vernal sun,
I wandered when our task was done
And gathered early flowers;
I cannot come to thee,
Though 'twas so sweet to rest
Upon thy gently-guiding arm—thy sympathizing breast:
'Tis better here to be.

No disappointments shroud
The angel-bowers of joy,
Our knowledge hath no cloud,
Our pleasures no alloy.
The fearful word—*to part*,
Is never breathed above,
Heaven hath no broken heart—
Call me not hence, my love.

O, mother!—He is here
To whom my soul so grew,
That when death's fatal spear
Stretched him upon his bier,
I fain must follow too!
His smile my infant griefs restrained—
His image in my childish dream
And o'er my young affections reigned,
With gratitude unuttered and supreme.
But yet till these refulgent skies burst forth in radiant show,
I know not half the unmeasured debt a daughter's heart doth owe.
Ask ye, if still his heart retains its ardent glow?
Ask ye, if filial love
Unbodied spirits prove?
'Tis but a little space, and thou shalt rise to know.

I bend to soothe thy woes,
How near—thou canst not see—
I watch thy lone repose,
Alice doth comfort thee;
To welcome thee I wait—blest mother! come to me.

DREAM OF THE DEAD.

Sleep brought the dead to me. Their brows were kind
And their tones tender, and, as erst, they blent
Their sympathies with each familiar scene.
It was my earthliness, that robed them still
In their material vestments; for they seemed
Not yet to have put their glorious garments on.
Methought, 'twere better thus to dwell with them,
Than with the living.

'Twas a chosen friend,
Beloved in school-day's happiness, who came,
And put her arm through mine, and meekly walked,
As she was wont, where'er I willed to lead,
To shady grove or river's sounding shore,
Or dizzy cliff, to gaze enthralled, below,
On wide-spread landscape and diminished throng.

One, too, was there, o'er whose departing steps
Night's cloud hung heavy ere she found the tomb;
One, to whose ear no infant lip, save mine,
E'er breathed the name of mother.

In her hour
Of conflict with the spoiler, that fond word
Fell with my tears upon her brow in vain—
She heard not, heeded not. But now she flew,
Upon the wing of dreams, to my embrace,
Full of fresh life, and in that beauty clad
Which charmed my earliest love. Speak, silent shade
Speak to thy child! But with capricious haste
Sleep turned the tablet, and another came,
A stranger matron, sicklied o'er and pale,
And mournful for my vanished guide I sought.

Then, many a group in earnest converse flocked,
Upon whose lips I knew the burial-clay
Lay thick; for I had heard its hollow sound,
In hoarse reverberation, "dust to dust!"

They put a fair, young infant in my arms,
And that was of the dead. Yet still it seemed
Like other infants. First with fear it shrank,
And then in changeful gladness smiled, and spread
Its little hands in sportive laughter forth.
So I awoke, and then those gentle forms
Of faithful friendship and maternal love
Did flit away, and life, with all its cares,
Stood forth in strong reality.

Sweet dream,
And solemn! let me bear thee in my soul
Throughout the live-long day, to subjugate
My earth-born hope. I bow me at your names,

Sinless, and passionless, and pallid train!
The seal of truth is on your breasts, ye dead!
Ye may not swerve, nor from your vows recede,
Nor of your faith make shipwreck. Scarce a point
Divides you from us, though we fondly look
Through a long vista of imagined years,
And, in the dimness of far distance, seek
To hide that tomb, whose crumbling verge we tread

THE NEW-ZEALAND MISSIONARY.

' We cannot let him go. He says he is going to return to England—the ship is here to take him away. But no—we will keep him and make him our slave; not our slave to fetch wood and draw water, but our *talking-slave*. Yes—he shall be our slave, to talk to and to teach us. Keep him we will."—*Speech of the Rev. Mr. Yates, at the Anniversary of the Church Missionary Society, London, May*, 1835.

'Twas night, and in his tent he lay,
Upon a heathen shore,
While wildly on his wakeful ear
The ocean's billows roar;
'Twas midnight, and the war-club rang
Upon his threshold stone,
And heavy feet of savage men
Came fiercely tramping on.

Loud were their tones in fierce debate,—
The chieftain and his clan,
"He shall not go—he shall not go,
That missionary man;

For him the swelling sail doth spread,
The tall ship ride the wave,
But we will chain him to our coast,
Yes, he shall be our slave:

Not from the groves our wood to bear,
Nor water from the vale,
Nor in the battle-front to stand,
Where proudest foe-men quail,
Nor the great war-canoe to guide,
Where crystal streams turn red:
But he shall be our slave to break
The soul its living bread."

Then slowly peer'd the rising moon,
Above the forest-height,
And bathed each cocoa's leafy crown
In tides of living light:
To every cabin's grassy thatch
A gift of beauty gave,
And with a crest of silver cheer'd
Pacific's sullen wave.

But o'er that gentle scene a shout
In sudden clangor came,
"Come forth, come forth, thou man of God,
And answer to our claim:"

So down to those dark island-men,
He bow'd him as he spake,
"Behold, your servant will I be
For Christ, my master's sake."

ON THE DEATH OF DR. ADAM CLARKE

Know ye a prince hath fallen? They who sit
On gilded throne, with rubied diadem,
Caparisoned and guarded round, till death
Doth stretch them 'neath some gorgeous canopy,
Yet leave no foot-prints in the realm of mind—
Call them not kings—they are but crowned men.
Know ye a prince hath fallen?
Nature gave
The signet of her royalty, and years
Of mighty labor won that sceptred power
Of knowledge, which from unborn ages claims
Homage and empire, such as time's keen tooth
May never waste. Yea—and the grace of God
So witnessed with his spirit, so impelled
To deeds of Christian love, that there is reared
A monument for him, which hath no dread
Of that fierce flame which wrecks the solid earth.
I see him 'mid the Shetlands, spreading forth
The riches of the Gospel—kneeling down
To light its lamp in every darkened hut:—

Not in the armor of proud learning braced,
But with a towel girded—as to wash
The feet of those whom earthly princes scorn.
I see him lead the rugged islander
Even as a brother, to the Lamb of God,
Counting his untaught soul more precious far
Than all the lore of all the lettered world.
I hear his eloquence—but deeper still,
And far more eloquent, there comes a dirge
O'er the hoarse wave. "All that we boast of man,
Is as the flower of grass."
Farewell—Farewell!
Pass on with Wesley, and with all the great
And good of every nation. Yea!—pass on
Where the cold name of sect, which sometimes throws
Unholy shadow o'er the heaven-warmed breast,
Doth melt to nothingness—and every surge
Of warring doctrine, in whose eddying depths,
Earth's charity was drowned, is sweetly lost
In the broad ocean of eternal love.

MARRIAGE HYMN

Not for the summer-hour alone,
When skies resplendent shine,
And youth and pleasure fill the throne,
Our hearts and hands we join;

But for those stern and wintry days
Of peril, pain, and fear,
When Heaven's wise discipline doth make
This earthly journey drear.

Not for this span of life alone,
Which as a blast doth fly,
And like the transient flower of grass
Just blossom, droop, and die;

But for a being without end,
This vow of love we take:
Grant us, oh God! one home at last,
For our Redeemer's sake.

DEATH OF A YOUNG WIFE.

Why is the green earth broken? Yon tall grass,
Which in its ripeness woo'd the mower's hand,
And the wild rose, whose young buds faintly bloom'd,
Why are their roots uptorn? Why swells a mound
Of new-made turf among them?

Ask of him
Who in his lonely chamber weeps so long
At morning's dawn, and evening's pensive hour,
Whose bosom's planted hopes might scarcely boast
More firmness, than yon riven flower of grass.

Yet hath not Memory stores whereon to feed,
When Joy's young harvest fails? as clings the bee
To the sweet calyx of some smitten flower?

—Still is remembrance—grief. The tender smile
Of young, confiding Love, its winning tones,
Its self-devotion, its delight to seek
Another's good, its ministry to soothe
The hour of pain, come o'er the hermit heart
To claim its bitterest tear.

But that meek Faith,
Which all distrustful of its holiest deeds
So strongly clasp'd a Saviour's feet, when Death
Rang the crush'd heart-strings like a broken harp,
That Hope which shed its seraph-benison
On all who wept around, that smile which left
Heaven's stainless semblance on the breathless clay,
These are the tokens to the soul bereav'd,
To gird itself invincibly, and seek
A deathless union with the parted bride.

THE LITTLE HAND.

Thou wak'st, my baby boy, from sleep,
And through its silken fringe
Thine eye, like violet, pure and deep,
Gleams forth with azure tinge.

With what a smile of gladness, meek,
Thy radiant brow is drest,
While fondly to a mother's cheek
Thy lip and hand are prest.

That little hand! what prescient wit
Its history may discern,
When time its tiny bones hath knit
With manhood's sinews stern?

The artist's pencil shall it guide?
Or spread the adventurous sail?
Or guide the plough with rustic pride,
And ply the sounding flail?

Through music's labyrinthine maze,
With dexterous ardor rove,
And weave those tender, tuneful lays
That beauty wins from love?

Old Coke's or Blackstone's mighty tome,
With patient toil turn o'er?
Or trim the lamp in classic dome,
Till midnight's watch be o'er?

Well skilled, the pulse of sickness press?
Or such high honor gain
As, o'er the pulpit, raised, to bless
A pious listening train?

Say, shall it find the cherished grasp
Of friendship's fervor cold?
Or, shuddering, feel the envenomed clasp
Of treachery's serpent-fold?

Yet, oh! may that Almighty Friend,
From whom existence came,
That dear and powerless hand defend
From deeds of guilt and shame.

Grant it to dry the tear of woe,
Bold folly's course restrain,

The alms of sympathy bestow,
  The righteous cause maintain—

Write wisdom on the wing of time,
  Even 'mid the morn of youth,
And with benevolence sublime,
  Dispense the light of truth—

Discharge a just, an useful part
  Through life's uncertain maze,
Till coupled with an angel's heart,
  It strike the lyre of praise.

BABE BURIED AT SEA.

The deep sea took the dead. It was a babe
Like sculptur'd marble, pure and beautiful
That lonely to its yawning gulfs went down.
—Poor cradled nursling—no fond arm was there
To wrap thee in its folds; no lullaby
Came from the green sea-monster, as he laid
His shapeless head, thy polished brow beside,
One moment wondering at the beauteous spoil
On which he fed. Old Ocean heeded not
This added unit to his myriad dead;
But in the bosom of the tossing ship
Rose up a burst of anguish, wild and loud,
From the vex'd fountain of a mother's love,
—The lost! The lost! Oft shall her startled dream,
Catch the drear echo of the sullen plunge
That whelm'd the uncoffin'd body—oft her eye
Strain wide through midnight's long unslumbering watch
Remembering how his soft sweet breathing seem'd
Like measur'd music in a lily's cup,
And how his tiny shout of rapture swelled,

When closer to her bosom's core, she drew
His eager lip.
Who thus, with folded arms,
And head declin'd, doth seem to count the waves,
And yet to heed them not? The sorrowing sire,
Doth mark the last, faint ripple, where his child
Sank down into the waters. Busy thought
Turns to his far home, and those little ones,
Whom sporting 'mid their favorite lawn he left,
And troubled fancy shows the weeping there,
When he shall seat them once more on his knee,
And tell them how the baby that they lov'd,
Hid its pale cheek within its mother's breast,
And pin'd away and died—yet found no grave
Beneath the church-yard turf, where they might plant
The lowly mound with flowers.
But tell them too,
Oh father! as a balsam for their grief,
That He who guards the water-lily's germ,
Through the long winter, and remembereth well
To bring its lip of snow and broad green leaf
Up from the darkness of its slimy cell
To meet the summer sun—will not forget
Their little brother, in his ocean bed,
But raise him from the deep, and call him forth
With brighter beauty, and a glorious form,
Never to fade, nor die.—

THE BENEFACTRESS.

Who asks if I remember thee? or speak thy treasur'd
name?
Doth the frail rush forget the stream from whence its
greenness came?
Doth the wild, lonely flower that sprang within some
rocky dell
Forget the first, awakening smile that on its bosom fell?

Did Israel's exil'd sons, when far from Zion's hill away,
Forget the high and holy house, where first they learn'd
to pray?
Forget around their Temple's wreck to roam in mute
despair,
And o'er its hallow'd ashes pour a grief that none might
share?

Remember thee? Remember thee?—though many a year
hath fled
Since o'er thy pillow cold and low, the uprooted turf was
spread,

Yet oft doth twilight's musing hour, thy graceful form restore,
And morning breathe the music-tone, like Memnon's harp of yore.

The simple cap that deck'd thy brow, is still to Memory dear,
Her echoes keep thy cherish'd song that lull'd my infant ear;
The book, from which my lisping tongue was by thy kindness taught,
Gleams forth, with all its letter'd lines, still fresh with hues of thought.

The flowers, the dear, familiar flowers, that in thy garden grew,
From which thy mantel-vase was fill'd—methinks, they breathe anew;
Again, the whispering lily bends, and ope those lips of rose,
As if some message of thy love, they linger'd to disclose.

'Tis true, that more than fourscore years had bow'd thy beauty low,
And mingled, with thy cup of life, full many a dreg of woe,
But yet thou hadst a better charm than youthful bloom hath found,
And balm within thy chasten'd heart, to heal another's wound.

Remember thee? Remember thee? though with the blest on high,
Thou hast a mansion of delight, unseen by mortal eye,
Comes not thy wing to visit me, in the deep watch of night,
When visions of unutter'd things do make my sleep so bright?

I feel thy love within my breast, it nerves me strong and high
As cheers the wanderer o'er the deep, the pole-star in the sky,
And when my weary spirit quails, or friendship's smile is cold,
I feel thine arm around me thrown, as oft it was of old.

Remember thee! Remember thee! while flows this purple tide,
I'll keep thy precepts in my heart, thy pattern for my guide,
And, when life's little journey ends, and light forsakes my eye,
Come, hovering o'er my bed of pain, and teach me how to die.

THE BROKEN VASE.

So, here thou art in ruins, brilliant Vase,
Beneath my footsteps. 'Tis a pity, sure,
That aught so beautiful, should find its fate,
From careless fingers.
Fain would I divine
Thy history. Who shap'd thy graceful form,
And touch'd thy pure, transparent brow with tints
Of varied hue, and gave the enamel'd robe,
Deep-wrought with gold?
Thou wert a costly gift.
Perchance, a present to some fair young bride,
Who 'mid her wedding-treasures nicely pack'd
Thee in soft cotton, that the jarring wheel,
O'er the rough road careering, might not mar
Thy symmetry. Within her new abode,
She proudly plac'd thee, rich with breathing flowers,
And as the magic shell from ocean borne
Doth hoard the murmur of its coral-caves,
So thou didst tell her twilight reverie, tales
Of her far home, and seem to breathe the tones

Of her young, sportive sisters.

'Tis in vain!

No art may join those fragments, or cement
Their countless chasms.

And yet there's many a wreck
Of costlier things, for which the wealth of Earth
May yield no reparation.

He, who hangs
His all of happiness on beauty's smile,
And, 'mid that dear illusion, treads on thorns,
Heeding no wound, or climbs the rocky steep
Unconscious of fatigue, hath oft-times mark'd
A dying dolphin's brightness at his feet,
And found it but the bubble of his hope,
Disparting like the rainbow.

They who run
Ambition's race, and on their compeers tread
With fever'd eagerness to grasp the goal,
Beheld the envied prize, like waxen toy,
Melt in the passion-struggle.

He, who toils
Till lonely midnight, o'er the waning lamp,
Twining the cobweb of poetic thought,
Or forging links from Learning's molten gold,
Till his brain dazzles, and his eye turns dim,
Then spreads his gatherings with a proud delight
To the cold-bosom'd public, oft perceives
Each to his "farm and merchandise" return

Regardless of his wisdom, or perchance
Doth hear the hammer of harsh criticism,
Grinding his ore to powder, finer far
Than the light sand of Congo's yellow stream.
—Yea, 'mid earth's passing pilgrims, many a one
Of its new gained possessions, fondly proud,
Doth, like the Patriarch, find his seven years' toil
Paid with a poor deceit.

Crush'd Vase, farewell.
I thank thee for thy lesson. Thou hast warn'd
That the heart's treasures be not rashly risk'd
In earthen vessels, but in caskets stor'd,
Above the wrecking ministry of Time.

THE MOHEGAN CHURCH.

Amid those hills, with verdure spread,
The red-brow'd hunter's arrow sped,—
And o'er those waters, sheen and blue,
He boldly launched his bark canoe,
While through the forests glanc'd like light
The flying wild deer's antler bright.—
Ask ye for hamlet's peopled bound,
With cone-roofed cabins circled round?
For chieftain brave? for warrior proud,
In nature's majesty unbowed?
You've seen the fleeting shadow fly,
The foam upon the billows die,—
The floating vapour leave no trace,—
Such was their path—that fated race.

Say ye, that kings, with lofty port,
Here held their stern and simple court?—
That here, with gestures rudely bold
Stern orators the throng controll'd?—
Methinks, even now, on tempest wings,
The thunder of their war-shout rings,

Methinks again with reddening spire
The groves reflect their council fire.—
No!—No!—in darkness rest the throng,
Despair hath checked the tide of song,—
  Dust dimm'd their glory's ray.
But can these staunch their bleeding wrong,
Or quell remembrance fierce and strong?
  Recording angel, say!

I mark'd where once a fortress frown'd,
High o'er the blood-cemented ground,
And many a deed that savage tower
Might tell, to chill the midnight hour;—
But now, its ruins strangely bear
Fruits, that the gentlest hand might share;
For there, a hallowed dome* imparts
The lore of Heaven to listening hearts;
And forms like those which lingering staid,
Latest 'neath Calvary's awful shade,
And *earliest* pierced the gathered gloom
To watch a Saviour's lowly tomb,
Such forms have soothed the Indian's ire,
And bade for him, that dome aspire.

* On the ruins of a fort in the territory of the once powerful tribe of Mohegans, in the vicinity of Norwich, Connecticut, a small and neat church has been erected, and the services of a missionary engaged,—principally through the influence of the benevolence of females.

Now, where tradition, ghostly pale,
With ancient horrors loads the vale,
And shuddering weaves, in crimson loom
Ambush, and snare, and torture-doom,
There shall the Saviour's ritual rise,
And peaceful hymns invoke the skies.—

Crushed race!—so long condemned to moan,
Scorned,—rifled,—spiritless, and lone,
From pagan rites, from sorrow's maze,
Turn to these temple-gates with praise:
Yes, turn and bless the usurping band
That rent away your fathers' land;
Forgive the wrong—suppress the blame,
And view with Faith's fraternal claim,
Your God—your hope—your heaven the same.

THE THRUSH.

"I'LL pay my rent in music," said a thrush
Who took his lodging 'neath my eaves in spring,
Where the thick foliage droop'd.—And well he kept
His simple contract.—Not for quarter-day
He coldly waited,—nor a draft requir'd
To stir his memory,—nor my patience tir'd
With changeful currencies,—but every morn
Brought me good notes at par, and broke my sleep
With the wild ringing of his tuneful coin.

Often, at summer morn, a burst of song
Melodious trilling thro' his dulcet pipes
Falling and caught again, and still prolong'd,
Betray'd in what-green nook the warbler sat,
Each feather quivering from excess of joy,
While from his open beak and brightening eye
I seem'd to read the assurance,—"this was pour'd
For your especial benefit."—The lay
With overpowering shrillness,—more than once
Did summon me to lay my book aside
And wait its close; nor was that pause a loss,
But seem'd to tune and shape the inward ear
To wisdom's key-tone.

Then I had my share
In softer songs, that cheer'd his brooding mate
Who in the patience of good hope, did keep
Her lengthen'd vigil. And the voice of love
That flow'd so fondly from his bursting soul,
Made glad mine own.

At length, there came a strain
From blended throats, that to their callow young,
Breath'd tenderness untold; and the weak chirp,
Of new-born choristers, so deftly train'd
Each in the sweet way that he ought to go,
Mix'd with that breath of household charities
Which makes the spirit strong. And so I felt
My debt was fully paid, and deem'd myself
Most fortunate, in these our days to find
Such honest tenant.

But when autumn bade
The northern birds to spread their parting wing,
And that small house was vacant,—and o'er hedge,
And russet grove, and forest grey with years
The hush of silence settled,—I grew sad
To miss my kind musician, and was fain
To patronize with a more fervent zeal
Such fire-side music, as makes winter short,
And storms unheard.

Yet leave within our hearts,
Sweet melodists,—the spirit of your praise,
Until ye come again, and the brown nest

That now its downy lining to the winds
Turns desolate, shall thrill at your return
With the loud welcome home.—
For he who touch'd
Your breasts with minstrelsy, and every flower
With beauty, hath a lesson for his sons
In all the varied garniture that decks
Life's banquet-board;—and he's the wisest guest
Who taketh gladly what his God doth send,
Keeping each instrument of joy, in tune,
That helps to fit him for the choir of Heaven.

THE SCHOOL-MISTRESS.

FROM A PICTURE.

How doth yon picture's art relume
Of childhood's scenes the buried bloom!
How from oblivion's whelming stream
Each floating flower and leaf redeem!
From neighbouring spire, the iron chime,
That told the school's allotted time,
The lowly porch where woodbine crept,
The floor, with careful neatness swept,
The hour-glass in its guarded nook,
Which oft our tiny fingers shook,
By stealth, if flowed too slow away
The sands that held us from our play;
The murmur'd task, the frequent tear,
The timid laugh, prolonged and dear,
These all on heart, and ear, and eye,
Come thronging back, from years gone by.
And there thou art! in peaceful age
With brow as thoughtful, wild, and sage,
As when upon thy pupil's heart
Thy lessons breathed—yes, there thou art!
And in thy hand that sacred Book,
Whereon it was our pride to look,

Whose truth around thy hoary head,
A never-fading halo shed,
Whose glorious hopes in holy trust
Still blossom o'er thy mouldering dust.
Even thus it is, where'er we range
Throughout this world of care and change,
Tho' Fancy every prospect gild,
Or Fortune write each wish fulfill'd,
Still, pausing 'mid our varied track,—
To childhood's realm we turn us back,—
And wider as the hand of time
Removes us from that sunny clime,
And nearer as our footsteps urge
To weary life's extremest verge,
With fonder smile, with brighter beam,
Its far-receding landscapes gleam,
And closer to the withered breast,
Its renovated charms are prest.
And thus the stream, as on it flows,
'Neath summer suns, or wintry snows,
Through vale, or maze, or desert led,
Untiring tells its pebbly bed,
How passing sweet the buds that *first*
Upon its infant marge were nurst,
How rich the violet's breath perfumed
That near its cradle fountain bloomed,
And deems no skies were e'er so fair
As kindled o'er its birth-place there.

DEATH OF THE WIDOW'S SON.

He languish'd by the way-side, and fell down
Before the noon-day. In his hand were flowers
Pluck'd for his lady-love. He died ere they
Upon their rootless stalks had withered.
In his fair home there was a widow'd form,
To whom the echo of his coming step
Had been as music. Now, alone she sits,
Tearful and pale! The world, henceforth, to her
Is desolate and void.

Young Love may weep,
But sunbeams dry its tears, and the quick pulse
Of hope, in beauty's bosom doth o'ercome
The syncopé of grief.

But unto age
So utterly bereav'd—what now remains,
Save with bow'd head and finger on its lip,
In silent meekness, and in sanctity,
The Heavenly Pilot ever in its view,
To pass the narrow strait that coldly bars
Time's crumbling shore, from vast Eternity

PARTING OF A MOTHER WITH HER CHILD.

He knew her not, that fair, young boy,—
Though cradled on her breast,
He learn'd his earliest infant joy,
And took his nightly rest,
For stern disease had blanch'd the brow
Once to his gaze so dear,
And to a whisper chang'd the voice
That best he loved to hear.

So, stranger-like, he wondering gazed,
While wild emotions swell,
As with a deathlike, cold embrace,
She breathed her last farewell,
And to the Almighty's hand gave back
The idol of her trust,
And with a glorious hope went down
To slumber in the dust.

Go, blooming babe, and early seek
The path she trod below,
And, still with Christian meekness, strive
To pluck the sting from woe—

That so, to that all-glorious clime,
Unmarked by pain or care,
Thou, in thy Saviour's strength mayest come
And know thy mother there.

ALPINE FLOWERS.

Meek dwellers 'mid yon terror-stricken cliffs,
With brows so pure, and incense-breathing lips,
Whence are ye?
Did some white-wing'd messenger
On mercy's mission, trust your timid germ
To the cold cradle of eternal snows,
And, breathing on the callous icicles,
Bid them with tear-drops nurse ye?
Tree nor shrub
Dare the drear atmosphere,—no polar-pine
Uplifts a veteran front, yet there ye stand,
Leaning your cheeks against the thick-ribb'd ice,
And looking up with stedfast eye to Him,
Who bids ye bloom unblanch'd amid the realm
Of desolation.
Man who, panting, toils
O'er slippery steeps, or treads the dizzy verge
Of yawning gulfs, down which the headlong plunge
Is to eternity,—looks shuddering up
And marks ye in your placid loveliness,

Fearless, yet frail; and clasping his chill hands,
Blesses your pencil'd beauty. 'Mid the pomp
Of mountain-summits rushing toward the sky,
And chaining the wrapt soul in breathless awe,
He bows to bind ye, drooping, to his breast,
Inhales your spirit from the frost-wing'd gale,
And freer dreams of heaven.

FAREWELL OF THE SOUL TO THE BODY.

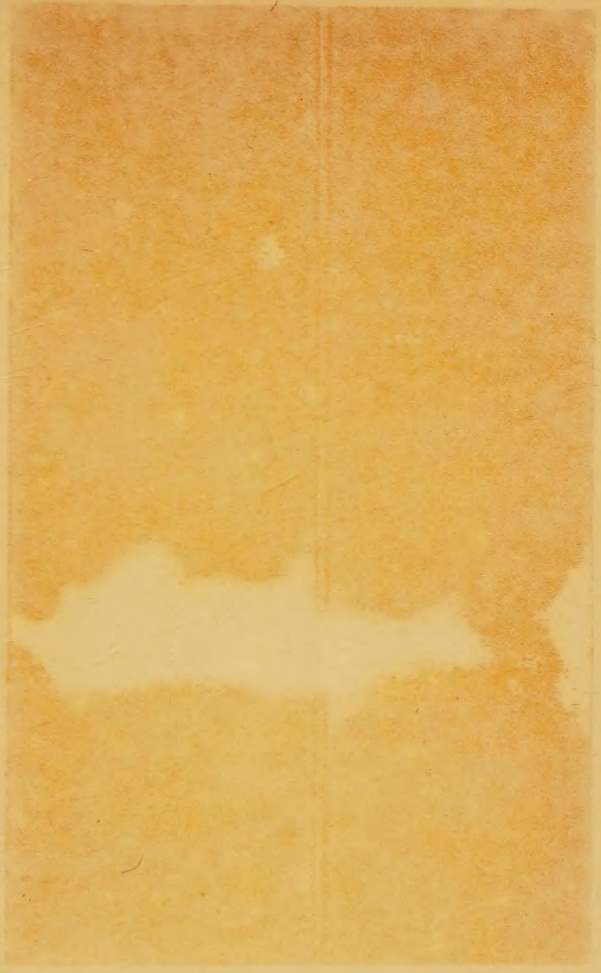
—•—

Companion dear! the hour draws nigh
The sentence speeds—*to die, to die.*
So long in mystic union held,
So close with strong embrace compell'd,
How canst thou bear the dread decree,
That strikes thy clasping nerves from me?
—To Him who on this mortal shore,
The same encircling vestment wore,
To Him I look, to Him I bend,
To Him thy shuddering frame commend.
—If I have ever caus'd thee pain,
The throbbing breast, the burning brain,
With cares and vigils turn'd thee pale,
And scorn'd thee when thy strength did fail—
Forgive!—Forgive!—thy task doth cease,
Friend! Lover!—let us part in peace.
If thou didst sometimes check my force,
Or, trifling, stay mine upward course,

Or lure from Heaven my wavering trust,
Or bow my drooping wing to dust—
I blame thee not, the strife is done,
I knew thou wert the weaker one,
The vase of earth, the trembling clod,
Constrained to hold the breath of God.
—Well hast thou in my service wrought,
Thy brow hath mirror'd forth my thought,
To wear my smile thy lip hath glow'd,
Thy tear, to speak my sorrows, flowed,
Thine ear hath borne me rich supplies
Of sweetly varied melodies,
Thy hands my prompted deeds have done,
Thy feet upon mine errands run—
Yes, thou hast mark'd my bidding well,
Faithful and true! farewell, farewell.

—Go to thy rest. A quiet bed
Meek mother Earth with flowers shall spread,
Where I no more thy sleep may break
With fever'd dream, nor rudely wake
Thy wearied eye.
Oh, quit thy hold,
For thou art faint, and chill, and cold,
And long thy gasp and groan of pain
Have bound me pitying in thy chain,
Though angels urge me hence to soar,
Where I shall share thine ills no more.
—Yet we shall meet. To soothe thy pain

Remember—we shall meet again.
Quell with this hope the victor's sting,
And keep it as a signet-ring,
When the dire worm shall pierce thy breast,
And nought but ashes mark thy rest,
When stars shall fall, and skies grow dark,
And proud suns quench their glow-worm spark,
Keep thou that hope, to light thy gloom,
Till the last trumpet rends the tomb.
—Then shalt thou glorious rise, and fair,
Nor spot, nor stain, nor wrinkle bear,
And, I with hovering wing elate,
The bursting of thy bonds shall wait,
And breathe the welcome of the sky—
"No more to part, no more to die,
Co-heir of Immortality."



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